

N^o 37

A
COLLECTION
OF THE
MOST FAVORITE
NEW SONGS,
Taken from all the OPERAS,
AND THOSE
NOW SINGING AT THE
THEATRES, VAUXHALL, RANELAGH,
ANACREONTIC SOCIETY,
AND OTHER
Convivial and polite Assemblies.
INTERSPERSED
With a few admired old Songs,
AND A
New Selection of Toasts and Sentiments.

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Songs, &c.

TO-MORROW,

A FAVORITE NEW SONG, by MR. COLLINS.

TUNE—"With my Jug in one Hand."

IN the Downhill of Life,
When I find I'm declining,
May my Fate most fortunate be,
Than a snug elbow chair
Can afford for reclining,
And a Cot that o'erlooks the wide Sea;
With an ambling pad Pony
To pace o'er the Lawn,
While I carrol away idle Sorrow;
And blythe as the Lark
That each Day hails the Dawn,
Look forward with Hope for To-morrow.
With a Porch at my Door
Both for Shelter and Shade too;

As the Sunshine or Rain may prevail,
 And a small Spot of Ground
 For the Use of the Spade too,
 With a Barn for the Use of the Flail ;
 A Cow for my Dairy,
 A Dog for my Game,
 And a Purse when a Friend wants to borrow ;
 I'll envy no Nabob
 His Riches or Fame,
 Nor what honours may wait him To-morrow.

From the bleak Northern Blast
 May my Cot be completely
 Secur'd by a neighbouring Hill ;
 And at Night may Repose
 Steal upon me more sweetly,
 By the sound of a murmuring Rill ;
 And while Peace and Plenty
 I find at my Board,
 With a Heart free from Sickness and Sorrow ;
 With my Friends will I share
 What To Day may afford,
 And let them spread the Table To-morrow.

And when I at last
 Must throw off this frail Covering,
 Which I've worn for threescore years and ten ;
 On the Brink of the Grave
 I'll not seek to keep hovering,
 Nor my Thread wish to spin o'er again ;

But my face in the Glass
 I'll serenely survey,
 And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow
 As this Old worn out Stuff
 Which is Threadbare to Day
 May become Everlasting To-morrow.

THE TOOTHLESS FAIR ONE.

A H, me! I am lost and forlorn!
 No hope can my anguish assuage;
 For, alas! long before I was born,
 My fair one had died of old age!
 Well-a-day! Well-a-day!

Why, Time, should'st thou be so uncouth?
 Why wither her beauties divine?
 Why rob her of every tooth,
 Before I had cut one of mine?
 Well-a-day! Well-a-day!

At night, to her tomb I'll repair,
 To echo my sorrows impart;
 Cut a lock of her lovely grey hair,
 And the ringlet shall twine on my heart.
 Well-a-day! Well-a-day!

'T WAS ON THE SEVERN'S SEDGY MARGIN.

Sung by Mrs. Second, at the Bath Concerts.

T' WAS on the Severn's sedgy Margin,
 Where Pensive damon chanc'd to stray,
 All on the moss grown bank reclining,
 He tun'd to the winds his careless lay.
 Stupendous Mountains heard his murm'ring,
 Sweet Echo, caught the plaintive song,
 Amongst pendent rocks, the wild notes warbling,
 Adown the Dale, soft sounds prolong.
 How sad his fate, whose heart e'er changing,
 That roves at large, and fix'd by none,
 Far happier he, who free from ranging
 Still fondly loves, and loves but one.

 DICKY GOSSIP.

WHEN I was a younker, I was apprentic'd
 Unto a gay barber, so dapper and airy ;
 I next was a carpenter, then turn'd a dentist,
 Then taylor, good lord ! then an apothecary.
 But for this trade or that,
 They all come as pat,
 As they can ;
 For shaving, and tooth-drawing,
 Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,
 Dicky Gossip is the man.

Tho' taylor and dentist but awkwardly tether,
 In both the vocations I still have my savings
 And two of my trades couple rarely together,
 For barber and carpenter both deal in shavings.
 So for this trade or that,
 They all come as pat, &c.

But blunders will happen in callings so various,
 I fancy they happen to some who are prouder,
 I once gave a patient, whose health was precarious
 A terrible dose of my best shaving powder.
 But no matter for that,
 My trades come as pat, &c.

THE MASK.

Sung by Signora Stanger.

ON the lightly sportive wing,
 At pleasure's call we fly
 Here a lullaby dance, they play, they sing
 In melody, merrily, merrily.
 Hark! the music's lively, light,
 Hark! the dance, in numbers, sweet,
 Fill the night
 With delight
 At the Masquerade.

Beneath this mask what tender woes

We softly hear reveal'd,
Secure, that, while the bosom glows,
Our blushes lie conceal'd!

Let grave ones warn us as they may,
Of ev'ry harmless joy afraid,
While we're young and we're gay,
Let us frolick and play

At the Masquerade.

Hither trips along a beau so smart,—dear heart!
Pretty lass, this way—soft, soft, stay here—my dear!
'Tis a favour, Sir, I must deny.—Oh fie!
Can I trust myself alone with you?—Adieu!

Then amid the crowd we mix again
And join the motley train.
Let grave ones, &c.

ALL THINGS GOOD.

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN.

A GLASS is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The world is good, and the people are good,
And we are all good fellows together.

A bottle! it is a very good thing,
With a good deal of wine in it;
A song is good when a body can sing,
And, to finish, you must begin it.

A friend is good, when you're out of good luck,
 For that is the time to try him ;
 For a Justice, good, the haunch of a buck,
 With such a good present you buy him.
 A fine old woman is good when she's dead,
 A rogue very good, for good hanging ;
 A fool is good by the nose to be led,
 My song deserves a good banging.

WHEN THE HOLLOW DRUM.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND.

WHEN the hollow drum has beat to bed,
 When the little Fifer hangs his head ;
 Still and mute
 The Moorish flute,
 And nodding guards, watch wearily ;
 Then will we
 From prison free,
 March out by moonlight cherily.
 When the Moorish cymbals clash by day,
 When the brazen trumpets shrilly bray,
 The slave in vain,
 May then complain
 Of tyranny and knavery.
 Would he know
 His time to go,
 And slyly slip from slavery,

'Tis when the hollow drum has beat to bed,
 When the little Fifer hangs his head:
 Still and mute
 The Moorish flute,
 And nodding guards watch wearied,
 Oh then must he,
 From prison free,
 March out by moon-light cheerily.

TAWNY MOOR

Mr. Bannister, Jun. and Mrs. Bland.

O HAPPY tawny Moor! when you love,
 Climb the mountains with your true love,
 Will you, by the way,
 The music play?
 Your sweet guitar a tinkling, Sadi
 Listens to his Spanish lady.

Tang, tanki, tanki, tang, tang
 Tanki, tanki, tav.

MRS. BLAND.

O bonny tawny Moor! together
 When we brave the wind and weather,
 Won't you, by the way,
 From Agnes stray?
 When my guitar's a tinkling Sadi,
 Love no other Spanish lady.

Tang, tanki, &c.

MR. BANNISTER.

Cease, pretty Agnes, cease ! no beauty
E'er could draw me from my duty :

Let them all the day,
Their music play ;

MRS. BLAND.

Then my guitar a tinkling, Sadi
Follows now his Spanish lady.

MRS. BLAND. Then my } guitar a tinkling, Sadi
MR. BANNIS. Her sweet }

Follows now his Spanish lady.
Tang, tanki, tanki. tang, tang,
Tanki, tanki, tay.

LULLABY.

Sung by Signora Storace.

PEACEFUL slumb'ring on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh ;
The winds and waves in gentle motion,
Soothe them with their Lullaby.

In the winds tempestuous blowing,
Still no danger they desery ;
The guiltless heart each boon bestowing,
Soothes them with its Lullaby.

THE SLEEPING MARINERS.

PEACEFUL snoozing on the ocean,
Seamen fear no danger nigh.
Though the world is in commotion,
We are rock'd to Lullaby !
Lullaby ! Lullaby ! &c.

In Torbay secure at anchor,
Top masts struck and calm the sky ;
Safe from the storm, or Gallic rancour,
We enjoy our Lullaby !
Lullaby ! Lullaby ! &c

Give Monfieurs, who are so curious,
Double watches—wet or dry ;
But give us, who are not so furious,
Double spells of Lullaby !
Lullaby ! Lullaby ! &c.

Let night come with billows roaring,
'Twixt two hammocks snug we lie
Full allowance take of snoring,
To the tune of Lullaby !
Lullaby ! Lullaby ! &c.



DUET.

Mr. Incledon and Mr. Johnston.

I LIKE each girl that I come near,
But none I love but Mary;
Oh! she's my darling, only dear,
Bewitching little fairy.
I ask a kiss, and she looks down,
Her cheeks are spread with blushes;
By Jove, says I, I'll take the town,
Me, back, she gently pushes.

MR. INCLEDON.

When off 'twas flown, and 'twas my place,
To fly for Mary's bonnet;
So charming look'd her lovely face,
There I stood gazing on it.
Dress'd all in white, she tripp'd from home,
And set my blood a trilling;
Oh! zounds! cried I, "the French are coming,"
Sweet Mary look'd so killing.

MR. JOHNSTONE.

When to our Colonel at review,
A Dutchess cried so airy;
"How does your Royal Highness do?"
Said I, "I thank you Mary."

MR. INCLEDON.

To quick time marching t'other day,
Our fifes play'd "Andrew Carey,"
To every girl I gave the way,
In compliment to Mary.

THE ROSARY.

Sung by Mrs. MARTYR.

THOU' oft we meet severe distress,
In vent'ring out to Sea ;
The perils of the storm seem less,
As we to heaven our vows address,
And sing the cheering ROSARY,

Our kids that rove the Mountain wide,
And bound in harmless glee ;
I seek each day at even—tide.—
And while their course I homeward guide,
I sing the cheering ROSARY.

And in the deeper shades, of night,
While thro' the woods I flee :
Where gloom and silence yield affright,
To make my beating heart fit light,
I sing the cheering ROSARY.

THE BONNY SOLDIER.

Sung by Mrs. CLENDENNING.

O COME away,
Come, my Soldier Bonny ;
I'm smart and gay
But for my Soldier Johnny.

Ensign " Pretty Doll,"
Crimson sash so wrapt in,
Minces, " Charming Poil,
" Can you love a Captain ?"
" O come away," &c.

To his fine marque,
At the camp last summer ;
He sent for me to tea
By the Little Drummer.
" O come away," &c.

As I cross Parade,
Officers stand blinking,
Under each cockade,
Sly, an eye cocks winking.
" O come away," &c.

Johnny steps in time,
Sweetly play the hautboys ;
Hearts all merry chime,
March, and beat the foe, boys !
" O come away," &c.

A MAN IN A THOUSAND.

Sung by Mr. MUNDEN.

SHEW me a lawyer refusing a good fee,
 Or pious Dean not thinking of a Bishops fee ;
 A Doctor that wont squeeze sick ladies by the hand ;
 'Poticary, whom his scrawl well can understand ;
 Dancing-matter object to dancing off with miss,
 Methodist-preacher, not in a corner kifs ;
 Young Ensign, not proud of his thumping large
 cockade,
 Or true British Tar, who of Frenchmen is afraid ;
 Parliament-electtor, who never sold his vote,
 Parliament-orator, who will not turn his coat,
 And that is a man in a thousand

Shew me a Right Honourable to keeping of his word,
 Or a poor Poet patronized by a lord ;
 An impudent Sharper, clothed all in rags,
 Or modest Genius, counting o'er his money bags :
 A Churchwarden, who scorns to feast upon the poor,
 An Alderman, who cannot callipash endure ;
 A Groom, too honest to rob hortes of their corn,
 Wise Cuckold, who bluthes to wear a gilded horn ;
 Steward, scrupling to cheat his maller if he can,
 Or a lad, like Nipperkin, prove an honest man,
 And that is a Man in a Thousand.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

THE Goddess of Mountains, blythe, rosy, and free,
As the airs that flew round her, had once a fair
tree ;

'Twas Liberty call'd, and a fav'rite of Jove,
And sweet was the fruit to the bright queen of Love :
In Albion 'twas planted, its branches spread wide,
Of her sons and her daughters the glory and pride.

Tranquil pleasures,
Softest measures,

Led the dance, gave Britons to sing,
Loving, loyal,
Good and royal,

People happy, honour'd their King.

Our sly Gallic neighbours peep'd into their ground,
And fain would have scaled the white wall that
surround :

They long'd for our Tree, when its beauties were
known,

But missing their aim, would have one of their own :
For this, in poor France ! a vile bramble took root,
Each leaf is a poniard, and bitter the Fruit.

Pity sleeping,
Angels weeping,

Saw the savage triumph o'er men,
Justice firing,
All inspiring,

Drive the Tyger into his den.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND.

WHEN Love gets you fast in her clutches,
And you sigh for your Sweet heart away;
Old Time cannot move without crutches,
A-lack ! how he hobbles Well-a-day !
Well-a-day ! Well-a-day !

But when WALTER my trembling hand touches,
And Love's colouring o'er my cheeks stray
Old Time throws aside both his crutches,
Alack ! how he gallops, Well-a-day !
Well-a-day ! Well-a-day !

Sung by Miss FARREN.

SOFT music ! let my humble lay
Thy sweetest accents prove,
While in delusive hope I stray
To Julia and to love.

That when to count the willing strain,
She tunes her graceful art,
Each trembling note may breathe again,
The sigh that rends my heart.

And should thy plaintive murmurs steal
A sympathetic tear,
In fond emotion then reveal,
Antonio sent thee here.

COTTAGE MAID.

AH where can fly my soul's true love
 Sad I wander this lone grove,
 Sighs and Tears for him I shed,
 Henry is from Laura fled :
 Thy love to me thou didst impart,
 Thy love soon won my virgin heart,
 But dearest Henry thou'lt betray'd
 Thy love with thy poor Cottage Maid.

Through the Vale my grief appears
 Sighing sad, with pearly tears ;
 Oft thy Image is my theme,
 As I wander on the green ;
 See from my cheek the colour flies,
 And love's sweet hopes within me dies ;
 For oh dear Henry thou'lt betray'd
 Thy love with thy poor Cottage Maid.

 TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling
 The darling of our Crew ;
 No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
 For death has broach'd him too:

His form was of the manliest beauty,
 His heart was kind and soft,
 Faithful below he did his duty,
 And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
 His virtues were so rare,
 His friends were many, and true hearted,
 His Poll was kind and fair:
 And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
 Ah many, the time and oft!
 But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
 For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When he who all commands,
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands:
 Thus death, who Kings and Tars dispatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
 For, though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

'TWAS in the good ship Rover
 I sail'd the world around,
 And for three years, and over,
 I ne'er touch'd British ground:

At last in England landed,
 I left the roaring main ;
 Found all relations stranded,
 And went to sea again.

That time bound strait to Portugal,
 Right fore and aft we bore ;
 But when we made Cape Ortugal,
 A Gale blew off the shore ;
 She lay, so did it shock her,
 A log upon the main,
 Till sav'd from Davy's locker,
 We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing
 Upon a squally night ;
 Thunder and light'ning hailing,
 The horrors of the fight :
 My precious limbs were lopp'd off,
 I, when they eas'd my pain,
 Thank'd God I was not popp'd off,
 And went to sea again.

Yet still I am enabled
 To bring up in life's rear ;
 Although I'm quite disabled,
 And lie in Greenwich tier :
 The King God bless his royalty !
 Who sav'd me from the main,
 I'll praise with love and loyalty,
 But ne'er to sea again.

BRITONS STRUCK HOME,
LED THE WAY BY LORD HOWE,

A Favorite Song,

Sung with Universal Applause,

AT VAUXHALL GARDENS.

WHEN France grown rebellious gave death to
her King,
And hurl'd at Britannia the threat of defiance,
The Genius of Britain was thus heard to Sing,
As she smil'd on her Navy and each Art and Science.
Ye Tars of old England, my Sons now advance,
Proud Callia shall soon British valor allow ;
Your Stout Wooden Castles shall soon humble France,
When Britons strike home, led the way by Lord
Howe.

Arouz'd by the Summons, her Tars flew to Arms,
Each Sea God look'd up, on their Actions with
wonder,
Confusion and terror the Foe soon Alarms,
For what could avail the effects of their thunder ;
Ye Tars of Old England 'twas Yours to advance,
And soon make each Frenchman your Valor allow ;
Your stout Wooden Castles have humbled proud
France,
For Britons struck home led the way by Lord Howe,

From his Blood bestain'd Billows Old Neptune arose,
 And waving his Trident with joy o'er the Main;
 Britannia Triumphant arose o'er her Foes,
 While the God of the Ocean took part in the strain.
 Ye Tars of Old England 'twas yours to advance,
 And soon make each Frenchman your Valor allow;
 Your stout wooden castles have humbled proud France,
 For Britons struck home led the way by Lord Howe.

ADIEU TO DELIGHT.

A DIEU to delight for my Charmer is gone,
 I'm left to regret and sigh all alone,
 I feel I am wretched but must not complain,
 I silently weep and stifle my pain.
 How poignant the grief that we dare not reveal,
 How painful the Tear we're oblig'd to Conceal,
 How heart felt the woe that inhabits my breast,
 A sigh might relieve but it must be suppress.
 The sweet Voice of pity ne'er soothes with its tone,
 My heart that is tortur'd, my mind that's undone,
 Restore their lost peace, Ah! give me repose,
 In thy bosom so dear it can heal all thy woes.
 Return then dear wand'rer O leave me no more,
 To lament the unkindness of him I adore,
 Repeat the dear Joys we so often have prov'd,
 You only can give them, you only are lov'd.

DOROTHY DUMP.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, Junior.

THERE was Dorothy Dump, would mutter and
mump,

And cry, "My dear Walter, heigh ho!"
But no step she could take, could my constancy shake,
For she had a timber toe.

There was Rebecca Rose, with her acquiline nose,
Who cry'd, "For you Walter, I die!"
But I laugh'd at each glance, she threw at me askance,
For she had a gimblet eye.

There was Tabitha Twist, had a mind to be kiss'd
And made on my heart an attack :
But her love I derided, for she was lopsided,
And cursedly warp'd in the back.

There was Barbara Brian, who always was crying,
"Dear youth put an end to my woes;"
But to save in her head all the tears that she shed,
Nature gave her a bottle-nose.

YARICO TO INCLE.

WHEN night spreads her shadows around,
I will watch, with delight, on thy rest;
I will soften thy bed on the ground,
And thy cheek shall be lodg'd on my breast.

Love heeds not the storm, nor the rain,
 On me let its fury descend ;
 This bosom shall never complain,
 While it shelters the life of a friend.

O tell me, what tears thee away,
 To a fair one ! ah ! would'st thou depart ?
 Alas ! to thy Yarico say,
 What maiden will love like this heart.

Tho' resolved, not my sorrows to hear,
 Tho' resolved, from a mourner to fly ;
 The ocean shall bear thee a tear,
 And the winds shall convey thee a sigh.

THE WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.

FAIN'T and wearily, the Way-worn Traveller
 Plods uncheerily afraid to stop ;
 Wand'ring drearily, a sad unraveller,

Of the mazes toward the mountain top !

Doubting, fearing,
 While his course he's steering,
 Cottages appearing,

When he's nigh to drop.

O ! how briskly then the Way-worn Traveller,
 Treads the mazes tow'rd the mountain top.

Melancholy, tho' the day has pass'd by,

'Twould be folly yet to think on't more;

Blithe and jolly he the cag holds fast by,

As he's sitting at the Goat-herd's door.

Eating, quaffing,

At past labour laughing,

Better far, by half, in

Spirits then before.

O! how merry then the rested traveller

Seems, while sitting at the Goat-herd's door.

'T WAS ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

'T WAS on Christmas day,

Father he did wed,

Three months after that,

My Mother was brought to Bed.

My Father he came home,

His head with liquor stor'd,

And found in Mothers room,

A silver hiked Sword.

Tiddle de dum de de

How came this Sword here?

Mother says, says She,

"Lovee 'tis a Poker,

Auntie sent to me,

Father he stamp'd and star'd,
'Twas the first, I ween,
Silver hilted Poker,
He had ever seen.

Tiddle de dum, &c.

Father grumbled on,
But getting into Bed,
Egad, as luck fell out,
A man pop'd up his head,
That's my milk maid says She,
Says dad I never heard,
In all my Travels yct,
A milk maid with a beard.

Tiddle de dum, &c.

My Father found a whip,
And very glad was he,
And how came this whip here?
Without the leave of me?
Oh, that's a nice stay lace,
My Auntee sent to me,
Egad he la'd her stays,
And out of doors went She.

Tiddle de dum, &c.



Sung at the Concerts at Bath.

WHY my Julia why this Care?
 Fancy not my Love can cease,
 Wintry hours too frequent are
 Too few the sunny hours of Peace.
 When the stars resplendent shine,
 Must my eyes their lustre scorn
 Because they want the Charms divine,
 That grace the radiant Brow of Morn.
 So when Lydia's glowing Cheek
 Her eyes and lips of rosy hue
 I praise impartial, do I break
 For this my constant love to you.
 Dry, O dry these captious tears
 If I would, I can't be free
 Since each charm a rival wears
 Recalls superior charms in thee.

THE SEAMAN'S HOME.

SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON.

O YOU whose lives on land are pass'd,
 And keep from dangerous seas aloof,
 Who fearless listen to the blast,
 Or, beating rains upon the roof.
 You little heed how seamen fare,
 Condemn'd the angry storms to bear.

Sometimes, while breakers vex the tide,
He takes his station on the deck ;
And now, lash'd o'er the vessel's side,
He clears away the cumb'ring wreck.
Yet while the billows o'er him foam,
The ocean only is his home.

Still fresher blows the midnight gale,
" All hands, reef top-sails," are the cries ;
And while clouds the heav'ns do veil,
Aloft to reef the sail he flies.
In storms so rending, doom'd to roam,
The ocean is the Scaman's Home.

'TIS NOT LOVE.

SUNG BY MRS. ESTON.

FLUTT'RING in my breast I feel
Something wake a troubled glow ;
Which I would, but can't conceal,
Yet 'tis not Love—Ah, no ! no, no.

O'er my cheek, when he is near,
True, the roses come and go ;
Trembling, as with hope and fear,
Yet 'tis not Love—Ah, no ! no, no.

THE LAMP OF HOPE.

THE lamp of Hope by rays of light,
 From thy dear Eyes was fed, Mary,
 Sad hours are come, and shades of night,
 And even hope is fled Mary.

The Sun to all the world but me,
 Will give another dawn Mary,
 My only light, kind looks from thee,
 For ever they're with drawn Mary.

I lov'd thee much, and for thy sake,
 I ne'er will love again, Mary ;
 If ever yet a Heart did break,
 Thou'lt rent this Heart in twain, Mary.

In wild despair I'll fly to Fame,
 And death for thee defy, Mary ;
 When I'm no more, thy true love's Name,
 May win from thee, a Sigh, Mary.

SWEET MARY.

SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON.

WHEN night, and lest upon my guard,
 Nor whisp'ring breeze, nor leaf is heard ;
 And stars between close branches peep,
 And birds are hush'd in downy sleep,

My soul to softest thoughts resign'd,
 And lovely Mary fills my mind :
 At every noise for bluff—" who's there,"
 I gently breathe ; " is't thou my fair,"
 Thy dying soldier, haste and see,
 O come ! sweet Mary, come to me.

As on my post, thro' blaze of day,
 The wretched, happy, sad and gay ;
 In quick succession move along,
 I see, nor hear, the passing throng ;
 My soul so wrap'd in Mary's charms,
 I hug my musket in my arms ;
 So all of passion, joy, and grief,
 When comrades bring the glad relief,
 I cry, thy soldier, haste and see,
 O come ! sweet Mary, come to me.

THE WAVING WILLOW,

Sung by Mrs. Martyr.

'TWAS at the hour of day's decline,
 When to the neighb'ring hills I went,
 To tie up many a drooping vine,
 By weight of purple clusters bent ;
 That done—beneath a willow's shade,
 Which o'er Beovia's river play'd,

I sat and sung to th' waving Willow !
While there I mus'd, and watch'd the stream,
A boat approach'd with lazy oar :
Of Love—ah ! little did I dream—
Till roguish Casper sprung on shore ;
A thousand vows he made me hear,
And I believed them all sincere,
While resting under the waving Willow.

From that time, 'till I gave my hand,
He ne'er would let me be at rest ;
At mass, he near me us'd to stand ;—
With me to dance, he always press'd ;
And let me hope he'll mend at last,
Nor force me to regret what past
While resting near the waving Willow.

D U E T.

Mr. Incledon and Mrs. Clendinning.

MRS. CLENDINNING.

DEAR youth, keep this for Mary's sake.

MR. INCLEDON.

Sweet maid, this poor remembrance take :
When rivals tender things would say,
Oh ! look on that, and turn away.

MRS. CLENDINNING.

Should rivals gain thy 'witching smile,
Think what thy Mary feels the while.

MR. INCLEDON.

When bullets whistle in the wind,
My only fear,
My only dear,
Is for my treasure left behind.

MRS. CLENDINNING.

'Midst warring fields may angels come,
And o'er thy head,
Their pinions spread,
Then bring my love in safety home.

TELL YOU HOWE.

WHY ask, when o'er the roaring Sea,
Who fought our vaunting Foes to bow,
Who led our Tars to Victory,
All Hearts exulting, tell you HOWE.
Why ask, when high the Victor stood,
Upon the Sulphur circled prow
Who labour'd for his Country's good,
All Hearts exulting, tell you HOWE.
Who, when across the billowy Main,
Proclaim'd a Solemn Sacred Vow,
His Nation's Glory to Maintain,
All Hearts exulting, tell you HOWE.

Then come, ye British Dames entwine,
 A deathless Laurel for his brow,
 A when you seek a theme divine,
 Let Truth and Genius shew you How.

THE FRIEND OF MY HEART.

WITH Thee all hardships of life I cou'd bear,
 And brave each attack of Misfortune and care,
 For Care and Misfortune my mind could subdue,
 Wou'd the friend of my heart but partake of it too.

Had fate from its bounty propitiously lent,
 Enough for to furnish the Cot of Content :
 The Dictates of love in that Cot I'd pursue,
 Wou'd the Friend of my Heart but partake of it too.

But Nancy with nought but her truth to endear,
 And nothing to lend in distress but a Tear :
 Must ne'er think of comfort with Ruin in view,
 And the Friend of her Heart to partake of it too.

But of Fortune if e'er a reverse should appear,
 And the Sunshine of Plenty illumine each Year;
 With joy she'd impart ev'ry bliss that she knew,
 And the Friend of her Heart shou'd partake of it too.

I'D THINK ON THEE MY LOVE,

Sung by Mr. Incedon.

IN storms, when clouds obscure the sky,
 And thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
 In midst of all these dire alarms
 I'd think my Sally, on thy charms :

The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove ;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Shou'd seas o'erwhelm
 I'd think on thee my love !

When rocks appear on ev'ry side,
 And art is vain the ship to guide ;
 In varied shapes when death appears,
 The thoughts of thee my bosom cheers ;

The troubled main,
 The wind and rain,
 My ardent passion prove ;
 Lash'd to the helm,
 Shou'd seas o'erwhelm,
 I'd think on thee my love.

But shou'd the gracious Pow'rs be kind,
 Dispel the gloom and still the wind,
 And waft me to thy arms once more,
 Safe to my long-lost native shore :

No more the main
 I'd tempt again,
 But tender joys improve ;
 I then with thee,
 Should happier be,
 And think on nought but love.

A SAILOR'S LIFE AT SEA,

By Mr. Dibdin.

WHEN the anchor's weigh'd and the ship's un-
 moor'd,
 And landsmen lag behind, Sir,
 The sailor joyful skips on board,
 And swearing, prays for a wind, Sir,
 Towing here, ye-howing there,
 Steadily, readily, chearily, merrily,
 Still from care and thinking free,
 Is a sailor's life at sea.

When we sail with a fresh'ning breeze,
 And landsmen all grow sick, Sir,
 The sailor lolls with his mind at ease,
 And the song and the cann go quick, Sir,
 Laughing here, quaffing there,
 Steadily, &c.

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,
 And seems to landsmen dreary,
 The sailor fearless goes to sleep,
 Or takes his watch most cheery,
 Boozing here, snoozing there,
 Steadily, &c.

When the sky grows black and the wind blows hard,
 And landsmen skulk below, Sir,
 Jack mounts up to the topsail-yard;
 And turns his quid as he goes, Sir.
 Hawling here, bawling there,
 Steadily, &c.

When the foaming waves run mountains high,
 And landsmen cry, all's gone, Sir
 The sailor hangs 'twixt sea and sky,
 And he jokes with Davy Jones, Sir.
 Dashing here, splashing there,
 Steadily, &c.

When the ship, d'ye see, becomes a wreck,
 And landsmen hoist the boat, Sir,
 The sailor scorn to quit the deck,
 While a single plank's afloat, Sir,
 Swearing here, tearing there,
 Steadily, &c.

BARBADOES BELLS.

COME, let us dance and sing,
 While all Barbadoes bells shall ring,
 Love scrapes the fiddle string,
 And Venus plays the lute ;
 Hymen gay,
 Foots away,
 Happy at our wedding day ;
 Cocks his chin,
 Figures in,
 To tabor, fife and lute.

Come, let us, &c.

Since then each anxious care,
 Is banish'd into empty air,
 Ah ! how can I forbear
 To join the jocund dance ?
 To and fro,
 Couples go,
 On the light fantastic toe,
 Whilst with glee,
 Merrily,
 The rosy hours advance.

Come, let us, &c.

When first the swelling sea
 Hither bore my love and me,
 What then my fate would be,
 Little did I think :

Doom'd to know
 Care and woe,
 Happy still is Yarico,
 Since her love
 Will constant prove,
 And nobly scorn to shrink. Come, let us, &c.

S'bobs now I'm fix'd for life,
 My fortune's fair, tho' black's my wife;
 Who fears domestic strife?

Who cares now a souse?
 Merry cheer,
 My dinky dear,
 Shall find with her factotum here,
 Night and day
 I'll frisk and play
 About the house with Wous.

Come, let us, &c.

Let Patty say a word—
 A chamber-maid may sure be heard—
 Sure men are grown absurd.

Thus taking black for white;
 To hug and kiss
 A dinky Miss,
 Will hardly suit an age like this;
 Unless here,
 Some friends appear,
 Who like this wedding night.

Come, let us, &c.

OLD TOWLER,

A FAVORITE HUNTING SONG.

BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
 And spangles deck the thorn ;
 The lowing herds now quit the lawn
 The lark springs from the corn :
 Dogs, Huntsmen round the window throng
 Fleet Towler leads the cry ;
 Arise the burden of the song
 This day a Stag must die !
 With a hey ho, chivey !
 Hark forward, tantivy* !
 Arise the burden of the song,
 This day a Stag must die.
 The cordial takes its merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail :
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
 The dogs snuff up the gale.
 The upland winds they sweep along,
 O'er fields thro' brakes they fly,
 The game is rous'd, too true the song,
 This day a Stag must die.

With a hey ho, &c.

Poor Stag the dog thy haunches gore,
 The tears run down thy face ;

* The huntsman's halloo is introduced here.

The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
 His joys were in the chase.
 Alike tho sportsman of the town,
 The virgin game in view
 Are full content to run them down
 Then they in turn pursue.

With their hey ho, chivy, &c.

IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

IN the dead of the night, when, with labour oppress,
 All mortals enjoy the sweet blessing of rest,
 A boy knock'd at my door, I awoke with the noise,
 Who is it, said I, that my rest thus destroys.

He answer'd so softly, so gently, so mild,
 I am a poor little unfortunate child,
 It's a cold rainy night, I am wet to the skin,
 And I have lost my way, so pray let me in.

In compassion I rose, and striking a light,
 I open'd the door when a boy met my sight,
 He had wings at his shoulders, the rain from them
 dripp'd,

And with bow and arrow the boy was equipp'd.

I stirr'd up my fire, set him down by my side,
 And with a warm napkin the wet from him dry'd;

I chaff'd him all o'er to keep out the cold air,
And the wet I wrung out with my hand from his hair.

No sooner from wet and from cold he found ease,
When, taking up his bow, said, Madam, if you please,
If you please I would fain, by experiment know,
If the rain has not damag'd the string of my bow.

Then straight from his quiver an arrow he drew,
Which aiming at my heart, twang went the yew;
My bow is not damag'd nor yet is my dart,
But you'll find some trouble in bearing the smart.

THE JEW BROKER.

YE jobbers, underwriters, ye tribe of pen and ink,
Who on the ally's gay parterre your tea and
coffee drink,

Wid my fal lal de ra, &c.

Rattling up your yellow boys, come hither at my call,
I'm buyer and I'm seller, and I can sarve you all.

Wid my fal lal de ra, &c.

Ye bulls, ye bears, ye lame ducks, and all the wadling
crew,

If 'twas not for us smouchers, I don't know what
you'd do;

If e'er you want thecurities, 'tis we dat find good pail,

Our friends have got de tarnish,—but den they shome-
times fail.

Wid my fal, &c.

If noblemen have lost race-horse, and all their money
spent,

My heart it melts, I draw de pond, I lend for cent per
cent ;

But if a life you would insure dats old and crazy grown,
De ways and means I'll let you know, to get de busi-
ness done.

Wid my fol, &c.

Ye captains and ye colonels, ye jointer'd widows all,

To little Isaac come when your stocks begin to fall ;

I'll put ye in a method once more to raise de cash,

I'll buy into your sinking-funds—dat you may cut a
flash.

Wid my fal, &c.

Ye parsons wid good livings, ye courtiers wid good
place,

Advice I'll give you gratis, and tink upon your case ;

If dare ish possibility, for you I'll raise the dust,—

But den you must excuse me if I sarve myself de first.

Wid my fal, &c.

I give advice to ev'ry tribe, but physic and de law,

But they out-wit the Jews themselves, for bills at sight
they draw ;

We, when we lend our monish, run some risk, tho' tis
but small,——

But they take all de monish, and no risk at all.

Wid my fal, &c.

Sung in the Highland Reel.

WHEN I've money I am merry,
When I've none I'm very sad,
When I'm sober I am civil,
When I'm drunk I'm roaring mad;
With my ritol teedle tum,
Likewise foll loll feedle fum,
Not forgetting didderum hi,
And also teedle tweedle dum.

When disputing with a puppy,
I convince him with a rap,
When I'm romping with a girl,
By accident I tear her cap.
Gadzook's I'll never marry,
I'm a Lad that's bold and free,
Yet I love a pretty girl,
A pretty girl is fond of me.
With ritol teedle dum, &c.

There's a maiden in a corner,
Round and sound and plump and fat,

She and I drink Tea together,
 But no matter Sir for that;
 If this Maiden be wi' bairn,
 As I do suppose she'll be,
 Like good PAPPY I must learn
 To dandle Jacky on my knee.
 With ritol teedle dum, &c.

SUNG BY MR. JOHNSTON.

AT sixteen years old you could get little good of me;
 Then I saw Norah—who soon understood of me
 I was in love—but myself, for the blood of me!

Could not tell what I did ail.

'Twas, dear, dear! what can the matter be?

Och blood and ouns! what can the matter be!

Och, Grammachee! what can the matter be?

Bother'd from head to the tail!

I went to confess me to O'Flannagan;

Told him my case—made an end—then began again:

Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,

If you find out what I ail.

Dear, dear! says he, what can the matter be?

Och, blood and ouns! can you tell what the
 matter be?

Both cried, what can the matter be?

Bother'd from head to the tail!

Soon I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again ;
 Norah took pity to see me at nurse again :
 Gave me a kifs ; och, zounds ! that threw me worse
 again !

Well she knew what I did ail.
 But, dear, dear ! says she, what can the matter be ?
 Och, blood and ouns ! my lasfs, what can the
 matter be ?

Both cried, what can the matter be ?

Bother'd from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now since I left Tipperary—
 How strange, growing older our nature should vary !
 All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary,
 I cannot tell what I ail
 Dear, dear ! &c.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

TWAS Saturday Night the twinkling stars
 Shone on the rippling sea ;
 No duty call'd the jovial tars,
 The helm was lash'd a lee :
 The ample cann adorn'd the board,
 Prepar'd to see it out,
 Each gave the lass that he ador'd,
 And push'd the grog about.

Cried honest Tom, my Pegg I'll toast,
 A frigate neat and trim,
 All jolly Portsmouth's fav'rite boast,
 I'd venture life and limb,
 Sail seven long years and ne'er see land,
 With dauntless heart and stout,
 So tight a vessel to command—
 Then push the grog about !

I'll give cry'd little Jack my Poll,
 Sailing in comely state !
 Top-ga'ant sails she is so tall,
 She looks like a first rate :
 Ah, would she take her Jack in tow,
 A voyage for life through,
 No better birth I'd wish to know,
 Then push the grog about !

I'll give, cry'd I, my charming Nan,
 Trim' handsome, neat and tight ;
 What joy so fine a ship to man,
 She is my heart's delight !
 So well she bears the storms of life,
 I'd sail the world throughout,
 Brave ev'ry toil for such a Wife,
 Then push the grog about !

Thus to describe, Poll, Peg, or Nan,
 Each his best manner try'd ;

'Till summoned by the empty cann,
 They to their hammocks hy'd;
 Yet still did they their vigils keep,
 Tho' the huge cann was out,
 For in soft visions, gentle sleep,
 Still puff'd the grog about!

THE NEW MARINERS.

YOU Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease,

Ah! little do you think upon the dangers of the seas,
 Give ear unto the Mariners, and they will plainly show,

All the cares,
 And the fears,

When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us when England is at wars,
 With any foreign nations, we fear no wounds nor scars:
 Our roaring Guns shall teach them our valour soon to know,

While they reel,
 On the keel,

When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage all have Mariners, and never be afraid,
 While we have bold adventures we ne'er shall want a
 trade,

Our Merchants will employ us to bring them wealth
I know,

Then be bold,
Work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

SUNG IN THE MAID OF THE ROCK.

I SAT out one eve with intention to roam
To the rock where the surges wantonly play,
When the owl had stole out from her secret home,
And bright vested hesperus clos'd in the day :
The moon was at full and with dignity rose,
And tissu'd with silver the green mantled seas ;
The god of the ocean was gone to repose,
And Eolus fann'd with a whispering breeze.

On reaching the cave where old legends report,
And many a horrible tale has been sung ;
Where blood-hunting robbers had oft' held their court,
On each side was some vestige of chivalry hung :
My eyes were alarm'd at the sight of a maid,
Who near to the cavern sat silent in grief ;
Her head on her hand all in sorrow was laid,
A hard rocky pillow was all her relief.

She started with fear, and she fain would have fled,
I begg'd her to stay, and her sorrows relate ;

Then told her from me she had nothing to dread,
 That I was brought there by the order of fate :
 You came by the order of one, she reply'd,
 Who has done all she can to distract my poor mind ;
 O'erwhelm'd in the deep my William, my pride—
 Then sunk, and she gave her last breath to the wind.

WHEN IN WAR ON THE OCEAN.

SUNG BY MR. BANNISTER.

WHEN in war on the ocean we meet the proud
 foe,

Tho' with ardor for conquest our bosoms may glow ;
 Let us see on their vessels Old England's flag wave,
 They shall find British sailors but conquer to save.

And now their pale ensigns we view from afar,
 With three cheers they are welcom'd by each British
 tar ;

Whilst the genius of Britain still bids us advance,
 And our guns hurl in thunder, defiance to France.

But mark our last broadside ! she sinks ! down she goes !
 Quickly man all your boats—they no longer are foes ;
 To snatch a brave fellow from a watery grave,
 Is worthy a Britain who conquers to save.

IN YONDER WILDS.

IN yonder wilds ah let me stray,
 To seek some lonely vale ;
 There pass my nights and days away,
 And tell my hapless tale :
 For Emma's gone, her soul's on high,
 And I'm bereft of rest :
 Left here to mourn and sadly sigh,
 Yet hope in heav'n she's blest.

A LINNET JUST FLEDG'D.

Sung by Miss Dall.

A LINNET just fledg'd, from its leaf-shady bow'r
 Its flight had too daringly took ;
 Unable the wide ambient ether to tow'r,
 It flutter'd and fell in a brook.
 To save the sweet youngling fair Laura was nigh,
 She cherish'd and sooth'd it to rest ;
 Yet, she wet it as fall, from pity's soft eye,
 As she dry'd its soft plumes on her breast.
 Thus vanity's pinions too oft' we extend,
 And the dictates of reason forego ;
 Then fall, like the linnet, nor meet with a friend,
 Like Laura to weep o'er our woe.

DUET.—MADELON and LA GLORIE.

MADELON.

COU'D you to battle march away,
And leave me here complaining,
I'm sure 'twou'd break my heart to stay
When you were gone campaigning.
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelon
Wou'd never quit her Rover,
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelon
Wou'd go with you all the world over.

LA GLORIE.

Cheer cheer my Love you shall not grieve,
A Soldier true you'll find me,
I cou'd not have the heart to leave
My little Girl behind me:
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelon
Shall never quit her Rover,
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelon
Shall go with me all the world over:
And can you to the Battle go,
To Woman's fears a stranger;

MADELON.

No fears my Breast will ever know,
But when my love's in danger:
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelon
Will never quit her Rover,

Ah non non non Pauvre Madelon
Will go with you all the world over.

BOTH.

Then let the world jog as it will,
Let hollow friends forsake us,
We both shall be as happy still,
As love and war can make us.
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelon
Shall never quit her Rover,
Ah non non non Pauvre Madelon,
Shall go with you all the world over.

AIR.—MADELON.

I TREMBLE to think that my soldier so bold,
To see with what danger he gets all his gold,
Yet danger all over 'twill keep out the cold,
And we shall be warm when we're married.

For Riches 'tis true that I covet them not,
Unless 'tis to better my dear soldier's lot,
And he shall be master of all I have got
The very first moment we're married.

My heart how it beats, but to look to the day,
In Church when my father will give me away,
But that I shall laugh at I've heard many say
A Day or two after we're married.

AIR.—MADELON.

LITTLE think the Townsman's wife,
 While at home she tarries,
 What must be the Lassies life,
 Who a Soldier marries;
 Now with weary marching spent,
 Dancing now before the Tent,
 Lira, Lira, la, Lira, Lira, la,
 With her jolly Soldier.

In the Camp at night she lies,
 Wind and weather scorning,
 Only griev'd her love must rise
 And quit her in the morning;
 But the doubtful skirmish done,
 Blithe she sings at set of sun,
 Lira, Lira, la, Lira, Lira, la,
 With her jolly Soldier.

Should the Captain of her dear,
 Use his vain endeavour,
 Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear,
 Two fond hearts to sever;
 At his passion she will scoff,
 Laughing thus she'll put him off,
 Lira, Lira, la, Lira, Lira, la,
 For her jolly Soldier.

POLL AND MY PARTNER JOE.

By Mr. Dibdin.

I Was, d'ye see a Waterman,
 As tight and spruce as any,
 'Twixt Richmond Town and Horsley Down.
 I turn'd an honest penny :
 None cou'd of Fortune's favours brag,
 More than cou'd lucky I,
 My cot was snug, well fill'd my bag.
 And a grunter in my flye :
 With wherry tight and bosom light,
 I cheerfully did row,
 And to compleat this princely life,
 Sure never man had Friend and Wife
 Like my Poll and my Partner Joe.
 I ro'ld in joys like these awhile,
 Foes far and near carell me,
 'Till woe is me, so lubberly,
 The Press-gang came and prest me :
 How cou'd I all these pleasures leave,
 How with my wherry part ?
 I never so took on to grieve,
 It wrung my very heart ;
 But when on board, they gave the word,
 To foreign parts to go,
 I ru'd the moment I was born,

That ever I shou'd thus be torn
From my Poll and my Partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully,
While o'er the billows rolling,
And night or day, cou'd find the way,
Blindfold, to the main-top bowling :
Thus all the dangers of the main,
Quicksands, and gales of wind,
I brav'd—in hopes to meet again
The joys I left behind :

In climes afar, the hottest war,
Pour'd broadsides on the Foe,
In hopes these perils to relate
As by my side attentive sat,
Both my Poll and my Partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his Majesty
To give Peace to the nation
And honest hearts from foreign parts
Came home for consolation :
Like lightning (for I felt new life,
Now safe from war's alarms)
Return'd and found my Friend and Wife
Lock'd in each other's arms ;
But fancy not, I bore my lot,
Tame, like a Lubber—No !
For seeing I was finely trick'd,
Plump to Old Nick I boldly kick'd
My Poll and my Partner Joe.

OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER.

COME cheer up my lads, merry Christmas is near,
 And, I hope we shall all have a happy new year;
 Prepare your plumb-puddings, mince-pies and stout
 ale,

And may plenty and peace in old England ne'er fail.

O still may our flag be with lustre unfurl'd,

Let's ever be ready;

Steady boys, steady,

And true to ourselves, we defy all the world.

The king, and the state, and the laws of the land,

The good constitution our forefathers plann'd;

To maintain them we all with one heart thou'd agree,

For while they protect us, old England is free.

O still may our flag, &c.

No hand of oppression we ever can fear,

Our laws are the same for the peasant and peer;

Our house is our castle, our fire-side our throne,

And each man in England is sure of his own.

O still may our flag, &c.

Some men must be stronger, some wiser than others,

But good laws can unite them to live like good brothers,

For while the strong labour, the wise ones will think;

And in old England we ne'er shall want chink.

O still may our flag, &c.

Then drink to the king, and the state and the laws ;
 With one voice, with one heart, we'll support the
 good cause,
 To commerce, to trade, to the plough and the sail,
 And may plenty and peace in old England ne'er fail.
 O still may our flag, &c.

SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

OF all sensations pity brings,
 To proudly swell the ample heart,
 From which the willing sorrow springs,
 In others grief that bear a part.
 Of all sad sympathy's delights,
 The manly lignity of grief
 A joy in mourning that excites,
 And gives the anxious mind relief :
 Of these would you the feeling know,
 Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,
 That ever taught a heart to glow.
 'Tis the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.
 For hard and painful is his lot,
 Let dangers come he braves them all ;
 Valiant perhaps to be forgot,
 Or undistinguish'd doom'd to fall ;
 Yet wrapt in conscious worth secure.

The world, that now forgets his toil,
 He views from a retreat obscure,
 And quits it with a willing smile.
 Then trav'ler one kind drop bestow,
 'Twere graceful pity, noble brave;
 Nought ever taught the heart to glow
 Like the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

BACCHANALIAN SONG,

Sung by Mr. Matthews.

'TIS Wine alone can banish care,
 And hush the busy mind to rest,
 Dispel the Phantom of despair,
 And sooth the Lover's throbbing breast.
 The balmy dew of Laura's Lip.
 A cordial sweet is to my soul,
 But sweeter is the dew I sip,
 From this ambrosial sparkling bowl.
 When quaffing deep the gen'rous Tide,
 In vain my friend says "Let's away,"
 When thro' the brain soft visions glide,
 'Tis rosy Bacchus bids me stay;
 Then crown the goblet to the brink,
 Invoke the ever tuneful Nine,
 Like Sons of Bacchus let us drink,
 And mingle friendship with the Wine.

THE DISCONSOLATE FAIR.

SUNG BY MADAM MARA.

HOPE whisper'd a flattering tale,
That joy to my heart would return.
That my pray'r would be heard, and prevail—
But love is still destin'd to mourn.

Say, where is the flatterer gone?
Her voice, ah, no longer I hear,
Now her smile from Mandane is flown.
May all is the sigh and the tear.

Ah! then to ev'ry bliss adieu!
The dream of happy love is o'er!
That form, when I no longer view,
Fate frowns, and life can charm no more.

THE CELEBRATED

DEATH SONG,

Of the CHEROKEE INDIANS.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away;
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
 Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low :
 Why slow do you wait, 'till I shrink from my pain ?
 But the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation away;
 Now the flame rises fast, ye exult in my pain,
 But the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
 His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son :
 Death comes, as a friend, to relieve me from pain
 And thy son, O Alknomook, has scorn'd to complain.

THE COACHMAN.

I'M a boy full of spunk, and my name's little Joe,
 It's I that can tip the long trot :
 From Whitechapel-mount up to fam'd Rotten row,
 With the ladies sometimes is my lot.
 Four in hand I can square, from the mail never flinch,
 And a waggon broad wheel'd overthrow ;
 I can tip 'em the go-by, and drive to an inch,
 To the tune of cup, gee-up, gee-ho !
 Why you see as how this, only give me the reins,
 And, then, like the coachmen of state,
 With a little slack chatter I'd count o'er my gains,
 And in politicks vie with the great.

Joey's up to their gossip—Coach, coach, did ye call,
 May we soon have a glorious peace!
 Four Qui-tams I spank up to West-mister-hall,
 Which you know's only *thrup*-pence a-piece.

Lawd blefs ye, my masters, 'tis I that's the sort,
 For driving ye thro' thick and thin;
 By the Newmarket *Gel'men* those quirks I was taught,
 For I learn'd 'em, and thought it no sin.
 On the high road of life, thro' the world's ups and
 downs,
 For twenty long year's snow and rain,
 I've drove and have *arnt* me some hundreds of crowns,
 Come, my masters, who'll ride once again.

DEAR IS MY NATIVE VALE,

Sung by Miss Milne, at Vauxhall.

DEAR is my little native vale,
 The ring-dove builds and warbles there;
 Close by my cot she tells her tale
 To ev'ry passing villager.
 The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
 And snells his nuts at liberty.
 In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
 That breathe a gale of fragrant sound,
 I charm the fairy-footed hours
 With my lov'd lute's romantic sound.

Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn, at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade;
The canzonet and roundelay,
Sung in the silent greenwood shade.
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

SUNG IN THE POOR SOLDIER.

SINCE love is the Plan,
I'll love if I can;
But first let me tell you what sort of a man:
In address how compleat,
And in dress spruce and neat;
No matter how tall, so he's over five feet;
Not dull, nor too witty,
His eyes I'll think pretty,
If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet,
Tho' gentle he be,
His man he shall see,
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me:
In a song bear a bob,
In a glass hob or nob;
Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob.

This is my fancy,
 If such a man can see ;
 I'm his if he's mine, untill then I am free.

Sung in Inle and Yarico.

A CLERK I was in London gay,
 Jemmy linkum feedle ;
 And went in boots to see the play,
 Merry fiddlem tweedle.
 I march'd the lobby, twirl'd my stick,
 Diddle, daddle, deedle ;
 The Girls all cry'd, He's quite the kick !
 O Jemmy linkum feedle !

Hey ! for America I sail,
 Yankee doodle deedle ;
 The Sailor-boys cry'd, Smoke his tail !
 Jemmy linkum feedle.
 On English Belles I turn'd my back,
 Diddle, daddle, deedle ;
 And got a foreign Fair, quite Black,
 O twaddle, twaddle, tweedle.

Your London Girls, with roguish trip,
 Wheedle, whaddle, weedle,
 May boast their pouting under lip,
 Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

My Wowlk' wou'd beat a hundred such,
 Diddle, daddle, deedle,
 Whose upper lip pouts twice as much;
 O pretty doudle wheedle !

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes—
 Jemmy linkum feedle—
 A feather fine shall grace her nose ;
 Waving fidle feedle ;
 With jealousy I ne'er shall burst ;
 Who'd steal my bone of bone-a ?
 A white OTHELLO—I can trust
 Adding DESDEMONA.

MY NATIVE COTTAGE.

A WIFE am I—but, well-a-day !
 An hapless one indeed ;
 The dreary hours drag dull away,
 And duller still succeed.
 Ambition yok'd me to a man,
 Just verging on his dotage,
 So jealous too!—ah ! fatal plan !
 To leave my Native Cottage.
 How happy roll'd each youthful day,
 'Till urg'd by luckless fate,
 To throw that happiness away,
 For splendor, wealth, and state ;

E'en when I'd scarce attain'd fifteen,
 And surely that was not age,
 For me to leave the rural scene,
 My humble Native Cottage.

Our great disparity of years
 Creates a jealous eye;
 When I seem gay, he sad appears,
 Himself can best tell why.
 But I forgive my fretful chum,
 Poor soul! he's in his dotage :
 E'en let him growl—for time to come,
 I'll mourn my Native Cottage.

SUNG IN THE POOR SOLDIER.

THE meadows look chearful, the birds sweetly
 sing,
 So gaily they carol the praises of spring ;
 Tho' Nature rejoices, poor Norah shall mourn
 Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

Ye lasses of Dublin, O hide your gay charms !
 Nor lure her dear Patrick from Norah's fond arms :
 Tho' fattins, and ribbands, and laces are fine,
 They hide not a heart with such feelings as mine.

LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the Ship that under sail,
 Spreads her white bosom to the gale ;
 Sweet oh sweet's the flowing cann,
 Sweet to poise the labouring oar
 That tugs us to our native shore,
 When the Boatswain pipes the barge to man,
 Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze ;
 But oh much sweeter than all these,
 Is Jack's delight his lovely Nan.

The needle faithful to the north,
 To shew of constancy the worth,
 A curious lesson teaches man :
 The needle time may rust, a squall
 Capsize the Binacle and all,
 Let seamanship do all it can :
 My love in worth shall higher rise,
 Nor time shall rust nor squalls capsize,
 My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the Bilboas I was penn'd,
 For serving of a worthless friend,
 And every creature from me hid ;
 No ship performing Quarantine
 Was ever so deserted seen ;
 None hail'd me woman, child, nor man,

But though false friendship's sails we're furl'd,
 Though cut adrift by all the world,
 I'd all the world in Lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
 Love truth and merit to defend,
 To moan their loss who hazard ran,
 I love to take an honest part,
 Love, beauty and a spotless heart,
 By manners love to shew the man,
 To sail through life by honour's breeze,
 'Twas all along of loving these
 First made me doat on Lovely Nan.

Sung by Mr. Wilson in Robin Hood.

MY name is little Harry-O,
 Mary I will marry-O
 In spite of Nell, or Isabel,
 I'll follow my own vagary-O.
 With my rigdum jigdum airy-O,
 I love little Mary-O,
 In spite of Nell,
 Or Isabel,
 I'll follow my own vagary-O.

Smart she is and bonny-O
 Sweet as sugar candy-O,

Fresh and gay,
 As flow'rs in May,
 And I'm her Jack-a-dandy-O.

With me, &c.

Soon to church I'll have her-O,
 Where we'll wed together-O
 And that, that done,
 Then we'll have fun,
 In spite of wind and weather-O.

With my, &c.

THO' YOU THINK BY THIS TO VEX ME.

THO' you think by this to vex me,
 Love no more can give me pain,
 Vainly strive not to perplex me,
 You shall dupe me ne'er again.

Now your falshood is requited,
 I'll enjoy a single life,
 Hark to glory I'm invited,
 By the chearful drum and fife.

By consent then now we sever,
 Love's all nonsense freedom sweet,
 And we take our leave for ever,
 Never more again to meet.

Never more, &c.

I dont wish Sir to allure you,
I dont wish your stay not I,
I'm quite happy I assure you,
Gladly I pronounce good bye.
La la la ra la ra, &c.

You have chang'd your mind believe me,
No I told you so before,
Can you have the heart to leave me,
Yes I'll never see you more.
Never more, &c.

THE MULBERRY TREE,

An entire new Song.

THE sweet Briar grows in the merry Greenwood,
Where the Musk-Rose diffuses his Perfume
so free,

But the blight of ten seises both blossom and bud,
While the Mildew flies over the Mulberry Tree.

In the Nursery rear'd, like the young tender Vine,
Mankind of all orders and ev'ry Degree,
First crawl on the Ground, then spring up like the Pine,
And some branch and bear fruit like the Mulberry
Tree.

To the fair tree of knowledge some twine like a twig,
While some sappy sprouts with its fruit disagree,

For which we from larch now and then pluck a sprig,
Which is not quite so sweet as the Mulberry Tree.

The vast tree of life we all eagerly climb,
And impatiently pant at its high top to be :
Though nine out of ten are lopp'd off in their Prime,
And they drop like dead leaves from the Mulberry
Tree.

Some live by the leaf and some live by the bough,
As the song or the dance their vocation may be ;
And some live and thrive though we no more know
Than the dew that flies over the Mulberry Tree.

But like the weeping willows we hang down the head,
When poor wither'd elders we're destin'd to be ;
And we're minded no more than mere logs when
we're dead,

Or the dew that flies over the Mulberry Tree.

Yet like Lignum Vitæ we hearts of Oak wear,
Or the cedar that keeps from the Cankerworm free,
While the vine juice we drain to dissolve ev'ry care,
Like the dew that flies over the Mulberry Tree.

THE POOR BLACK BOY.

YOU care of money, care no more,
No think if you be rich or poor,
My mind employ ;

Me stay with you, no sorry, no!
 And where away my Massa go,
 Go Poor Black Boy.

You good to me, dat keepy here,
 No Massa dat you never fear;
 Long time destroy,
 You know death kill, but leave one part
 He never kill, the loving heart
 Of Poor Black Boy.

GEE-HO, DOBBIN!

YOUNG Ralph's my name, the waggoner,
 Tho' humble is my station;
 What then, I'll clearly prove it, Sir,
 There's many in the nation.
 For as I've heard the wise ones say,
 The world's just like a waggon;
 Where the fore-horse points out the way,
 The rest they only drag on.
 With a Gee-ho, Dobbin! hey, gee-ho!

The statesman, as we often see,
 Maintains each right and charter;
 But bribed with a double fee,
 The rights he soon will barter.
 For as I've heard, &c.

The lawyer when he pleads, d'ye mind,
Appears most wond'rous civil;
But to his cost the clients find,
He drives him to the devil.

For as I've heard, &c.

The doctor, who with cunning eye,
As well as the attorney,
First takes your fee, then if you die,
Prescribes you a long journey.

For as I have heard, &c.

Then since on earth we're trav'lers here,
Let's drink, and pass the noggin;
For, from the peasant to the peer,
Old time is ever jogging.

For as I've heard, &c.

BOLD JACK.

WHILE up the shrouds the sailor goes,
Or ventures on the yard,
The landmen, who no better knows
Believes his lot is hard.
But Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Casts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell
 The vessel rudely bear,
 Now sinking in a hollow dell,
 Now quivering in the air,
 Bold Jack, &c.

When waves against rocks and quicksands roar,
 You never hear him repine,
 Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,
 Or burning near the line.
 Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
 To quarters all repair,
 While splinter'd masts go by the board,
 And shot sing through the air.
 Bold Jack, &c.

THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

LONG in the British army,
 I prov'd my country's rights,
 And with accounts can charm ye,
 Of sieges and of fights:
 Where thousands oft fell martyrs,
 Amidst the rage of strife;
 While some in Chelsea quarters
 Were billeted for life.

I was in Bunker's battle,
 Minorca's siege was at ;
 Where men were slain like cattle,
 Or maim'd—for Lord knows what :
 Yet those who fell not martyrs,
 But wounded in the strife,
 Were sent to Chelsea quarters,
 And billeted for life.

'Twas on the plains of Flanders,
 Near Amand's Wood, I know,
 Led on by brave commanders,
 We met the Gallic foe :
 And tho' they fought like Tartars,
 We ended soon the strife :
 But now in Chelsea quarters
 I'm billeted for life.

SUNG IN THE FARMER.

A FLAXEN-headed cow boy as simple as may be,
 And next a merry plough boy, I whistled o'er
 the Lea :

But now a saucy footman, I strut in worsted lace,
 And soon I'll be a Butler, and wag my jolly face.
 When steward I'm promoted, I'll snip a tradesman's
 bill,
 My master's coffers empty, my pockets for to fill :

When lolling in my chariot, so great a man I'll be,—
 You'll forget the little plough boy that whistled o'er
 the Lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, but when I've made the pelf,
 I'll stand poll for the parliament and then vote in my-
 self:

Whatever's good for me, Sir, I never will oppose;
 When all my ayes are sold off, why then Ill sell my
 noes;

I'll bawl, harangue and paragraph, with speeches
 charm the ear,

And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll sit down a
 Peer,

In court or city honour so great a man I'll be,
 You'll forget the little plough-boy that whistled o'er
 the Lea.

THE KING,

SUNG BY MR. COLLINS.

LONG live great George our King,
 God save Old England's King,

Long live the King:
 And while with glory crown'd,
 Envy'd by nations round,
 Let earth and skies resound,
 Long live the King.

To glad each rising day,
 May his benignant sway,
 New blessings bring:
 May he his foes appal,
 Crush those who seek his fall,
 While we shout one and all,
 God save the King.

George no fell dart shall dread,
 Hurl'd from a hydra head,
 With poison'd sling;
 But foul rebellion's train,
 Gnashing their teeth in vain,
 Shall see triumphant reign,
 Great George our King.

Turn East, West, North, and South,
 And from our cannon's mouth,
 Make the world ring;
 Swell thy loud trumpet, fame,
 Britons with pride proclaim,
 They'll wade through fire and flame
 To guard their King.

SOMEBODY.

WHERE I obliged to beg my bread,
 And had not where to lay my head,
 I'd creep where yonder herds are fed,
 And steal a look at Somebody.

When I'm laid low and am at rest,
And may be number'd with the blest,
Oh may thy artless feeling breast

 Throb with regard for Somebody !
Ah ! will you drop one pitying tear,
And sigh for the lost Somebody.

But should I ever live to see
That form so much ador'd by me,
Then thou'lt reward my constancy,
And I'll be blest with Somebody ;
Then shall my tears be dried by thee,
And I'll be blest with Somebody.

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at Heav'n's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain :
 Rule Britannia ! Britannia rule the waves,
 Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.

 Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule Britannia, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse, thy gen'rous flame,
To work their woe and thy renown.

Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
All thine shall be, the subject main,
And ev'ry shore encircle thine.

Rule Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom sound,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Bless'd Isle! with matchless beauties crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule Britannia, &c.

SWEET LITTLE ANGEL.

WHEN Jack parted from me, to plough the salt
deep,
(Alas, I mayn't see him again!)
In spite of all talking I could not but weep
To help it I'm sure was in vain.

Then he broke from my arms, and he bid me farewell,
 Saying "Poll, come, my soul, it won't do,
 So, d'ye hear, avast whining and sobbing my girl,
 'Tis all foolish nonsense in you."

I cou'd not help thinking that Jack was in right,
 From something that whisper'd, d'ye see,
 There's a sweet little Angel that sits out of sight
 Will restore my Poor Jack unto me.

Yet while he's at a distance each thought is employ'd,
 And nought can delight me on shore,
 I fancy at times that the ship is destroy'd,
 And Jack I shall never see more.

But then it's but fancy!—that Angel above,
 Who can do such a wonder of things!

I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,
 And so to myself I thus sing:

"What matters repining? my heart shall be light,
 For a something there whispers, d'ye see,
 There's a sweet little Angel that sits out of sight,
 Will restore my poor Jack unto me."

But shou'd that sweet Angel, wherever he be,
 Forget to look out after Jack,
 Why then he may never return unto me,
 Ah never, no never come back!

But Oh, it can't be! he's too good and too kind,
 To make the salt water his grave;
 And why should I then each tale-teller mind,
 Or dread ev'ry turbulent wave?

Besides, I will never kind Providence slight,
 For a something there whispers, d'ye see,
 There's a sweet little Angel that sits out of sight
 Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

THE LAMP-LIGHTER.

I'M jolly Dick the lamplighter,
 They say, the Sun's my dad,
 And truly I believe it Sir,
 For I'm a pretty lad.
 Father and I the world we light,
 And make it look so gay,
 The difference is I lights by night,
 And Father lights by day.
 But Father's not the likes of I,
 For knowing life and fun,
 For I strange tricks and fancies spy,
 Folks never shew the sun :
 Rogues, owls, and bats can't bear the light,
 I've heard your wise ones say,
 And so d'ye mind, I sees at night,
 Things never seen by day.
 At night men lay aside all art,
 As quite a useless task,
 And many a face and many a heart,
 Will then pull off the mask :

Each formal prude and holy wight
 Will throw disguise away,
 And sin it openly all night,
 Who fainted it all day.

His darling hoard the miser views,
 Misses from friends decamp,
 And many a statesman mischief brews
 To his country o'er his lamp:
 So father and I, d'ye take me right,
 Are just on the same lay,
 I bare-fac'd sinners light by night,
 And he false saints by day.

ADIEU, MY FLORESKI, FOR EVER,

A Favorite Romance.

A DIEU my Floreski for ever,
 And welcome the sorrow I prove!
 Why fate, still delight'it thou to sever
 The bosoms united by love.
 Clos'd is that eye,
 Mute is the tongue,
 On which my
 Soul enraptur'd hung:
 He's gone, he's dead, and I remain
 To sigh and weep, alas in vain.

No threat no persuasion, shall sway me,
 Nor time that sees all things decay,
 Abate the devotion I pay thee,
 Or wear thy dear Image away,
 If I may trust
 This faithful heart,
 We soon shall meet,
 No more to part;
 He's gone, nor shall I long remain,
 To sigh, and weep, alas in vain.

CRUEL FAIR! WHO SECRET ANGUISH.

CRUEL fair! who secret anguish,
 Can with wanton pride impart,
 Cans't thou see a lover languish,
 Sporting with his faithful heart!

Her, let every beautiful maiden,
 Her, let every constant swain,
 With her Woodly's fate upbraiding,
 Banish from the smiling plain.

Cruel, &c.

TOM TRUELOVE's KNELL.

TOM Truelove woo'd the sweetest fair,
 That e'er to Tar was kind,
 Her face was of a beauty rare,
 More beautiful her mind.

His messmates heard while with delight,
 He named her for his Bride ;
 A sail appeared, ah fatal sight !
 For grief his love had died.
 Must I, cried he those charms resign,
 I loved so dear, so well ?
 Would they had told instead of thine,
 Tom Truelove's knell.

Break heart at once and there's an end,
 Thou all that heaven could give,
 But hold, I have a noble friend,
 Yet, yet for him I'll live.
 Fortune, who all her baneful spight
 Not yet on Tom had tried,
 Sent news, one rough, tempestuous, night,
 That his dear friend had died :
 And thou too ! must I thee resign
 Who honour loved so well ?
 Would they had told instead of thine
 Tom Truelove's knell.

Enough, enough, a salt sea wave,
 A healing balm shall bring ;
 A Sailor you, cried one, and brave ?
 Live still to serve your king !
 The moments comes, behold the foe,
 Thanks generous friend he cried ;
 The second broadside laid him low,
 He named his love and died.

The tale, in mournful accents sung,
 His friends still sorrowing tell,
 How sad, and solemn, three times rung,
 Tom Truclove's knell.

HOME's HOME.

I'VE thought and I've said it sin I were a boy,
 That what folks get at easy they never enjoy,
 Why I was the same at what's homely I'd scoff,
 But how fine if it comed a good many miles off;
 So big with this fancy though but a poor clown,
 I hied me away for to see the great town,
 Where they push'd me and throng'd me all one as a
 fair,
 Then they'd titter and snigger and laugh then I'd swear.
 Why Bumkin did'll e're see such fin'ry as this
 In your place, cried a monkey in trowsers, why yes!
 You'd your joke master coxcomb and now I'll have
 mine,
 I've seen peacocks and goldfinches ten times as fine,
 So I left maffer whistle and whistled along,
 Then humm'd to myself the sag end of a song,
 The good that we wish for may'nt match what we've
 got,
 Their minds are their kingdom who're pleas'd with
 their lot,
 And to whatever place discontented folk roam,
 At last they'll be forced to say this of their home.

Our friends are as true and our wives are as comely,
And damn it home's home be it ever so homely.

So since for strange fights, I to town took my range,
Faith I zeed fights in plenty, and all of them strange,
I zeed folks, roll in riches, that pleasure ne'er knew,
I zeed honest poverty, rich as a jew,
Time and oft dressed lamb fashion I zeed an old Ewe,
I zeed madam's monkey as smart as her beau,
I zeed beauty and virtue, that never knew shame,
And I zeed vice, carested under modesty's name,
I zeed a fine head dress, worth more than the head,
I zeed folks with their brains out, before they were
dead,

I zeed rogues of their knavery making their brags,
And I zeed fools in coaches, and merit in rags,
And still through the crowd as I whistled along,
I hummed to my self the sag end of a Song, &c.

But what zickened me most was one day in the Park,
As the Guns were all firing, a queer looking spark,
Cried, what nonsense, and stuff, with their fufs and
parade,
Stuff, and nonsense, said I, Oh! what' that that you
said,

Why they fire for a Victory, and you have your choice
To go home, or with all honest subjects rejoice,
Mighty well, cried my spark, but a word in your ear,
The affairs of the Nation are cursedly queer,

Nay 'tis true, we're done up, 'twill be seen by, and by,
 How much did they give you to catch me said I,
 The country's a good one, all good men perceive it,
 And they that don't like it, why don't let 'em leave it,
 So I left my queer spark, and went whistling along,
 Then I humm'd to myself, the sag end of a Song, &c.

THE HARE HUNT.

SINCE Zeph'rus first tasted the charms of coy
 Flora,

Sure nature ne'er beam'd on so lovely a morn ;
 Ten thousand sweet birds court the smile of Aurora,
 And the woods loudly echo the sound of the horn.
 Yet the morn's not so lovely, so brilliant, so gay ;

As our splendid appearance, in gallant array,
 When all ready mounted we number our forces,
 Enough the wild boar and the tiger to scare :
 Pity fifty stout beings count dogs, men, and horses,
 Should encounter such peril:—to kill one poor hare.

Little wretch thy fate's hard, thou wert gentle and
 blameless,

Yet a type of the world in thy fortune we see ;
 And virtue, by monsters as cruel, and shameless ;
 Poor, defenceless, and timid, is hunted like thee,
 See! vainly each path how she doubles and tries :
 If he scape the hound treachery, by slander she dies,

To o'ercome that meek fear for which men should respect her,

Ev'ry art is employ'd, ev'ry sly subtle snare;
Pity those that were born to defend and protect her,
Shou'd hunt to her ruin—so timid a hare.

Thus it fares with poor merit, which mortals shou'd cherish,

As the heaven gifted spark that illumines the mind;
As reason's best honor, lest with it shou'd perish

Ev'ry grace that perfection can lend to mankind.
Hark! envy's pack opens, the grim lurcher fear,
And the mongrel vexation, skulk fly in the rear:

The rest all rush on, at their head the whelp slander,
The fell mastiff malice, the greyhound despair;
Pity, beings best known by bright truth and fair candour,

Shou'd hunt down, shame to manhood—so harmless a hare.

Their sports at an end, harsh reflection's beguiler
To some thoughtless oblivion their souls they resign;
The seducer takes pleasure, revenge the reviler,
The hunter's oblivion, more harmless, is wine.

Thus, having destroy'd ev'ry rational joy
That can dignify reason, they reason destroy
And yet not in vain, if this lesson in spirit

Ought of reverence for genius, respect for the fair
So the tear of lost virtue and poor ruin'd merit
The sad manes shall appease—of the innocent hare.

SMALILOU.

THERE was an Irish Lad
 Who lov'd a cloyster'd Nun,
 And it made him very sad,
 For what was to be done.

He thought it was a big shame, a most confounded sin,
 That she cou'd not get out at all, and he cou'd not get in
 Yet he went ev'ry day, he cou'd do nothing more,
 Yet he went ev'ry day to the convent door,

And he sung sweetly Smalilou, &c.
 To catch a glimpse of her

He play'd a thousand tricks,
 The bolts he tried to stir,

And he gave the wall some kicks :
 He stamp'd, and rav'd and sigh'd, and pray'd, and
 many times he swore

The devil burn the iron bolts, the devil take the door :
 Yet he went ev'ry day, he made it a rule,
 Yet he went ev'ry day, and look'd like a fool.

Tho' he sung sweetly Smalilou, &c.
 One morn the lett her bed,

Because she cou'd not sleep,
 And to the window sped,

To take a little peep :
 And what did she do then, I am sure you'll think it
 right,
 She bade the honest lad good day, she bade the nun
 good night :

Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,
 Then jump'd into his arms, and so they ran away.
 And they sung sweetly Smalilou, &c.

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD,

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

FOR England when with fav'ring gale,
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd;
 And scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue Western land appear'd.
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the Pilot cheerly sung,
 By the deep—nine.

And bearing up to gain the port,
 Some well known object kept in view,
 Some abbey tower, or harbour fort,
 Or beacon to the vessel true.

While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the Pilot cheerly sung,
 By the mark—seven.

And as the much lov'd shore we near,
 With transport we behold the roof;
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof.
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 And to the watchful Pilot sung,
 Quarter less—five.

THE SPORTSMAN IN STYLE.

DON'T you see that as how I'm a Sportsman in
style

All so kickish so slim and so tall,
Why I've search'd after game & that many's the mile,
And seed no bit of nothing at all :
My licence I pockets, my poney I strides,
And I pelts through the wind and the rain,
And if likely to fall, sticks the spurs in the sides,
Leaves the bridle and holds by the mane.
To be sure dad at home kicks up no little strife,
But dabby what's that, en't it fashion and life.
At sporting I never was know'd for to lag,
I was always in danger the first,
When at Epsom last Easter they turned out the Stag,
I am the lad that was rolled in the dust,
Then they calls me a Nincom why over the fields,
There a little beyond Dulwich common,
I a chick, and a goose, tumbled neck, over heels,
And two mudlarks, besides and old woman,
Then let miserly dad, kick up sorrow, and strife,
I'm the lad that's genteel, and knows fashion, and life.
But don't go for to think I neglects number one,
Often when my companions with ardour,
Are hunting about with the dog and the Gun,
I goes, and I hunts, in the larder,
There I springs me a woodcock, or flushes a quail,
Or finds puss, as she sits under cover,

Then so ho to the barrel, to start me same Ale,
 And when I have dined, and fed rover,
 Pays my landlord shot, as I ogles his wife,
 While the daughter cries out, lord what fashion and
 life.

Then I buy me some Game, all as homeward we jog,
 And when the folks ax how I got 'em,
 Though I shooted but once, and then killed the poor
 dog,

I swears, and then stands to't that I shot 'em ;
 So come round me ye Sportsmen that's smart & what
 not,

All stilish and cutting a flash,
 When your peice won't kill game, charged with pow-
 der and shot,

To bring 'em down, down with your cast,
 And if with their jokes, and their jeers, folks are rise,
 Why dabby says you, en't it fashion and life ?

JACK JUNK.

'TWAS one day at Wapping his dangers o'er
 hauling

Jack Junk cock'd his Jemmy and breach'd a full can,
 While a posse of neighbours of each different calling
 Cried only but hear what a marvellous man.

Avast cried out Jack what's there marvellous in it,
 When his time's come the stoutest of hearts must
 comply.

[Why now you master tallow chandler, by way of throwing a light on the subject don't you think 'tis better to be extinguished when one's fighting in defence one's king and country than to flay at home lingering and go out like the snuff of a candle?]

Then like men do your duty,
We all have our minute,
And at sea or ashore we shall live 'till we die,
Hurraw hurraw boys let's live 'till we die.

Why now you master Plumber, that marvels at billows,
I shall founder at sea and you'll die in your bed;
What of that? some have fods, and some weaves for
their pillows,
And 'tis likely enough we may both die of lead;
And as for the odds, all the difference that's in it
I shall pop off at once, and you'll lingering lie.

[Why smite my crooked timbers who knows but
master Snip there may slip his cable and break his back
with taking the ninth part of a fall off the Shepboard
into his own hell.]

Then like men, &c. &c.

As for you master Bricklayer to make out your calling
A little like mine e'n't a matter that's hard.
Pray mayn't you from a ladder or scaffold be falling
As easy as I from a rafter or yard.
Then for you its commission a tile may bring in it
As soon as a shot or a splinter for I.

[As for maffer Doctor, the Undertaker, and Sexton they don't want no wipe from me they sends too many folks contented to their long home not to know how to go there contentedly themselves.]

Then like men, &c. &c.

And when Captain Death comes the reckoning to settle,

You may clear the ship for action as much as you like,

And behave like a man but he's as such weight of metal,

At the very first broadside the bravest must strike,
And when you have said all you can what's there in it
Who to scud 'gainst a storm but a lubber would try.

(For as to qualms conscience, cheating customers, betraying friends and such like, being a set of honest tradesmen I dare say you are perfectly easy about they sort of things.)

Then like men, &c. &c.

HAPPY JERRY.

I WAS the pride of all the Thames,

My name was natty Jerry,
The best of smarts and flashy dames
I've carried in my wherry :

For then no mortal soul like me

So merrily did jog it,
I lov'd my wife and friend, d'ye see,
And won the prize of Dogget :

In coat and badge, so neat and spruce,
 I row'd all blithe and merry,
 And every waterman did use
 To call me happy Jerry.

But times soon changed, I went to sea,
 My wife and friend betrayed me,
 And in my absence treacherously
 Some pretty frolics played me :

Return'd, I used them like a man,
 But still 'twas so provoking,
 I could not joy my very can,
 Nor even fancy smoaking :

In tarnish'd badge, and coat so queer,
 No longer blithe and merry,
 Old friends now passed me with a sneer,
 And called me dismal Jerry.

At sea, as with a dangerous wound
 I lay under the surgeons,
 Two friends each help I wanted found
 In every emergence :

Soon after my sweet friend and wife
 Into this mess had brought me,
 These two kind friends who sav'd my life
 In my misfortunes sought me.

We're come, cried they, that once again
 In coat and badge so merry,
 Your kind old friends the watermen
 May hail you happy Jerry.

I'm Peggy, once your soul's desire,
 To whom you prov'd a rover,
 Who since that time in man's attire
 Have fought you the world over,
 And I, cried t'other, am that Jack
 When boys you used so sadly,
 Though now the best friend to your back,
 Then prithee look not sadly ;
 Few words are best, I seiz'd their hands,
 My grateful heart grew merry
 And now in love and friendship's bands
 I'm once more happy Jerry.

A KNAPSACK AND A DOLLY.

WE soldiers drink, we soldiers sing,
 We fight our foes and love our King,
 Are ever brisk and jolly ;
 We know no fear in peace or war,
 We ask no health, but fame and wealth,
 A knapsack and a dolly.

When mirth invites we seldom think,
 When honor calls we never shrink,
 But, scorning melancholy,
 Alert and gay we march away,
 To foreign parts, with cheerful hearts,
 A knapsack and a dolly.

If doom'd to fall, the good and brave,
Will dew with tears their soldier's grave,

Thus sadness is a folly :

His dauntless sword fame will record,
His courage dear, will prize and cheer,

His knapsack and his dolly.

Then come, my noble heroes, come,
With sprightly fife and echoing drum,

And minds elate and jolly ;

Let's take the field, and never yield
To fortune's frowns, 'till conquest crowns
Our knapsack and our dolly.

THE NEGLECTED TAR.

I SING the British seaman's praise,

A theme renown'd in story,
It well deserves more polish'd lays ;

Oh! 'tis your boast and glory.

When mad brain'd war spreads death around,

By them you are protected ;

But when in peace the nation's found,

These bulwarks are neglected,

Then, oh ! protect the hardy tar,

Be mindful of his merit :

And when again you're plung'd in war,

He'll shew his daring spirit.

When thickest darkness covers all,
 Far on the trackless ocean ;
 When lightnings dart, when thunders roll,
 And all is wild commotion ;
 When o'er the bark the white-topp'd waves,
 With boist'rous sweep are rolling,
 Yet coolly still, the whole he braves,
 Untam'd amidst the howling,
 Then, oh ! protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in sulph'rous smoke,
 He feels a glowing pleasure ;
 He loads his gun, he cracks his joke,
 Elated beyond measure.
 Though fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck,
 Should lifeless trunks appear ;
 Or should the vessel float a wreck,
 The sailor knows no fear.
 Then, oh ! protect, &c.

When long becalm'd, on southern brine,
 Where scorching beams assail him ;
 When all the canvas hangs supine,
 And food and water fail him :
 Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
 Where plenty still is reigning ;
 They call the watch his raptures o'er,
 He sighs but scorns complaining.
 Then, oh ! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
 Where death so oft befriends him ;
 Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland frost,
 True courage still attends him :
 No clime can this eradicate,
 He glories in annoyance ;
 He fearless braves the storm of fate,
 And bids grim death defiance.

Then, oh ! protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear,
 In peace be then neglected ;
 Behold him move along the pier,
 Pale, meagre and dejected !
 Behold him begging for employ !
 Behold him disregarded !
 Then, view the anguish in his eye,
 And say, are tars rewarded ?

Then, oh ! protect, &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe,
 In peace then would you starve them ?
 What say ye Britain's sons ?—Oh ! no,
 Protect them, and preserve them.
 Shield them from poverty, and pain,
 'Tis policy to do it ;
 Or, when grim war shall come again,
 Oh, Britons, ye may rue it !
 Then, oh ! protect, &c.

THE NEW SPINNING-WHEEL.

ONE summer eve, as Nancy fair,
 Sat spinning in the shade,
 While soaring sky larks shook the air
 In warbling o'er her head;
 In tender coos the pigeons woo'd,
 (Love's impulse all must feel,)
 She sung, but still her work pursu'd
 And turn'd her spinning wheel.
 " While thus I work with rock and reel,
 " So life by time is spun ;
 " And as runs round my spinning-wheel,
 " The world turns up and down :
 " Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,
 " While I no changes feel,
 " But get my bread by sweat of brow,
 " And turn my spinning-wheel.
 " From me let men and women too
 " This home-spun lesson learn,
 " Not mind what other people do,
 " But eat the bread they earn :
 " If none were fed, were that to be,
 " But what deserv'd a meal,
 " Some ladies then, as well as me,
 " Must turn the spinning wheel."
 The rural toast, with sweetest tone,
 Thus sung her witless strain,
 When o'er the lawn limp'd gammer Joan,
 And brought home Nancy's swain ;



"Come," cries the dame, "Nance, here's thy spouse ;
"Away throw rock and reel :"
Blithe Nancy, with the benny news,
O'erset her spinning-wheel.

Sung in No Song No Supper.

A CROSS the downs this morning,
As betimes I chanc'd to go ;
A shepherd led his flock abroad,
All white as driven snow,
But one was most the shepherd's care,
A lamb so sleek, so plump and fair,
Its wond'rous beauties in a word,
To let you fairly know,
'Twas such as Nelly from the fire,
Took off not long ago.
This lamb was blithe as midsummer,
His frolic gambols play'd,
And now of all the flock a-head,
The pretty wanton stray'd ;
A wolf that watch'd with greedy eyes,
Rush'd forth and seiz'd the tender prize ;
The shepherd saw, and rais'd a stone,
So round so large I vow,
'Twas like the cake that Nelly laid
Upon the shelf just now.

This monstrous stone the shepherd flung,
 And well his aim he took,
 Yet scarce the savage creature deign'd
 Around to cast a look ;
 But fled as swift with footsteps light,
 As he who brought the wine to-night :
 I try'd to stop the thief, but he
 Turn'd round in rage, good lack !
 So mad the lawyer scarce can be
 That's hid in yonder sack.

Sung in the Highland Reel.

TH O' I am now a very little lad,
 If fighting men cannot be had,
 For want of a better I may do,
 To follow the boy with his rat tat too :
 I may seem tender yet I'm tough,
 And tho' not much o'me I'm right good fluff
 Of this I'll boast say more who can,
 I never was afraid to face any man.
 I'm a chickabiddy see take me now now now,
 I'm a merry little he for your row dow dow,
 Brown-bess I'll knock about oh theres my joy,
 At my back a knapsack like a roving boy.
 In my tartan plaid a young soldier view
 My Phillibeg and Dirk and my bonnet blue,
 Give the word and I'll march where you command
 Noble serjeant with a shilling then strike my hand.

My Captain as he takes his glass,
 May wish to toy with a pretty lass,
 For such as one I've a roguish eye,
 He'll never want a girl when I am by.

I'm a chickabiddy, &c.

Tho' a barber never yet has mow'd my chin,
 With my great broad sword I long to begin,
 Cut, slash, ram, dash, oh glorious fun
 For a gun pip pop, change my little pop-gun.

My foes shall fly like geese in flocks,
 Ev'n Turks I'll drive like turkey-cocks,
 And wherever quarter'd I shall be,
 Oh zounds how I'll kiss my landlady.

I'm a chickabiddy, &c.

Sung in the Battle of Hexham.

WHEN Arthur first at Court began,
 To wear long hanging sleeves ;
 He entertain'd three saving men,
 And all of them were thieves.
 The first he was an Irishman,
 The second was a Scot ;
 The third he was a Welshman,
 And all were knaves I wot.
 The Irishman lov'd Usquebaugh,
 The Scot lov'd Ale call'd Blue-cap ;
 The Welshman he lov'd Toasted Cheese,
 And made his mouth like a mouse-trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman,
 The Scot was drown'd in Ale;
 The Welshman had like to've been choak'd by a
 mouse,
 But he pull'd her out by the tail.

Sung in No Song No Supper.

HOW happily my life I led,
 Without a day of sorrow,
 To plough and sow,
 To reap and mow,
 No care beyond the morrow:
 In heat, or cold, in wet or dry,
 I never grumbled, no, not I;
 My wife, 'tis true,
 Loves words a few,
 What then, I let her prate;
 For sometimes smooth, and sometimes rough,
 I found myself still rich enough,
 In the joys of an humble state.
 But when with law I craz'd my head,
 I lost both peace and pleasure,
 Long says to hear,
 To search and swear,
 And plague beyond all measure,
 One grievance brought another on,
 My debts increase, my stock is gone;

My wife she says
 Our means 'twill raise,
 What then, 'tis idle prate,
 For sometimes smooth, &c.

SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear,
 When forc'd from her to go;—
 Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear,
 My heart was fraught with woe;—
 Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we flood,
 The land we left behind;
 Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
 My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep, and now between
 Us lay the ocean wide;
 For five long years I had not seen
 My sweet, my bonny bride.
 That time I sat'd the world around,
 All for my true love's sake;
 But press'd, as we were homeward bound,
 I thought my heart would break.

The press gang bold I ask'd in vain
 To let me once on shore;
 I long'd to see my Poli again,
 But saw my Poli no more.

And have they torn my love away !
And is he gone !—the cry'd :
My Polly—sweetest flower of May,
She languish'd, droop'd and dy'd.

Sung in No Song No Supper.

GO George I can't endure you,
You wrong me I assure you,
I wonder why I love you still,
Are women for no use meant,
But merely man's amusement ?
To teaze and torture as he will ?
No, if you lov'd me true,
You'd other means pursue,
No, that you don't 'tis plain,
I tell you so again,
No no no no no no,
You ne'er cou'd bear to use me so.

What see you, pray, about me,
'Thus still to scold and flout me ?
Such treatment yet was never heard ;
I ne'er must speak (good gracious !
I'm sure 'tis quite vexatious
I never now must speak a word,
No, if you, &c,

PADDY BULL'S EXPEDITION.

WHEN I took my departure from Dublin's
sweet town,

And for England's own self thro' the seas I did plow,
For four long days I was tofs'd up and down,

Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a cow !
While afraid off the deck in the ocean to slip Sir,
I clung, like a cat, a fast hold for to keep, Sir,
Round about the big post that grows out of the ship,
Sir,

O I never thought more to sing Lango Lee !

Thus standing stock still, all the while I was moving,
'Till Ireland's dear coast I saw clean out of sight ;
Myself the next day, a true Irishman proving,

When leaving the ship on the shore for to light
As the board they put out was too narrow to quarter,
The first step I took, it was in such a totter,
That I jump'd upon land, to my neck up in water,

O that was no time to sing Lango Lee !

But as sharp cold and hunger I never yet knew more,
And my stomach and bowels did grumble & growl ;
I thought the best way to get each in good humour,

Was to take out the wrinkles of each, by my soul :
So I went to a house where roast meat they provide,
Sir

With a whirligig which up the chimney I spy'd, Sir,
And which grinds all their smoke into powder beside,
'Tis true as I'm now singing Lango Lee ! [Sir,

Then I went to the Landlord of all the Stage Coaches,
 That set sail for London each night in the week,
 To whom I obnoxiously made by approaches,
 As a birth aboard one I was come for to seek ;
 But as for th' inside I'd no cash in my casket,
 Says I, with your leave, I make bold, Sir, to ask it,
 When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes the
 basket,

For there I can ride and sing Lango Lee !

When, making his mouth up, The basket, says he, Sir,
 Goes after the coach a full hour or two ;
 Very well then says I, that's just the thing for me, Sir,
 But the Devil a word that he told me was true :
 For tho' one went before, and the other behind, Sir,
 They set off cheek-by-jole, at the very same time, Sir,
 So the same day at night I set off by moonshine, Sir,
 All alone by myself singing Lango Lee !

Oh, long life to the moon, for a brave noble creature,
 That serves us with lamp-light each night in the dark,
 While the Sun only shines in the day, which by nature
 Wants no light at all, as you all may remark ;
 But as for the moon, by my soul I'll be bound, Sir,
 It wou'd save the nation a great many pounds, Sir,
 To subscribe to light him up all the year round, Sir,
 O, merrily then I'd sing Lango Lee !



Sung in No Song No Supper.

WITH lowly suit, and plaintive ditty,
 I call the tender mind to pity,
 My friends are gone, my heart is beating,
 And chilling poverty's my lot;
 From passing strangers aid entreating,
 I wander thus alone forgot;
 Relieve my woes, my wants distressing,
 And Heav'n reward you with its blessing.
 Here's tales of love, and maids forsaken;
 Of battles fought, and captives taken;
 The jovial tar, so boldly sailing,
 Or cast upon some distant shore,
 The hapless bride his loss bewailing,
 And fearing ne'er to see him more!
 Relieve my woes, &c.

THE MIDSHIPMAN.

I'M here or there a jolly dog,
 At land or sea I'm all agog,
 To fight, or kiss, or touch the grog,
 For I'm a jovial midshipman,
 A smart young midshipman,
 A little midshipman,
 To fight, or kiss, or touch the grog,
 Oh, I'm a jovial midshipman.

My honor's free from stain or speck,
 The fore-mast men are at my back,
 With pride I walk the quarter-deck,
 For I'm a smart young midshipman, &c.

I mix the pudding for our mess,
 In uniform then neatly dress,
 The Captain asks, (no need to press)
 Come, dine with me, young midshipman, &c.

When Royal William comes on board,
 By England's Navy all ador'd,
 From him I sometimes pass the word,
 Tho' I'm a humble midshipman, &c.

ROSY WINE IS THE KEY.

ROSY wine is the key that will open the heart,
 And the breast will be true that it mellows,
 When drunk we despise all base falsehood or art,
 For in liquor we're all honest fellows.
 Then quickly pass the jingling glass till we are mellow,
 Let ev'ry man do all he can to be an honest fellow.

The lawyer so grave for his client will plead,
 And with unblushing front against equity bellows,
 The key once applied, owns he doubly was sec'd,
 For in liquor we're all honest fellows.
 Then quickly pass, &c.

The lover who vows for his fair one he dies,
When wine rosy wine his bosom once mellows,
Will own that her gold is more bright than her eyes,
For in liquor we're all honest fellows.

Then quickly pass, &c.

Then if liquor can banish all art and deceit,
And the heart will be true that it mellows,
Let us toss off large bumpers whenever we meet,
For in liquor we'er all honest fellows.

Then quickly pass, &c.

HUZZA, TALLY-HO!

YE sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,
Who delight in the joys of the field;

Mankird, tho' they blame, are all eager as you;
And no one the contest will yield.

His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,
A hunting continually go;

All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace;
Hark forward, huzza, tally-ho!

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
To hunt for a mortgage or deed;

The husband gets up at the sound of the horn,
And rides to the Commons full speed;

The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game;

The poet, too, often lays low,
Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
With hark forward, huzza, tallo-ho!

While, fearless, o'er hill and o'er woodlands we sweep,
 Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown;
 How oft do they decency's bounds over-leap,
 And the fences of virtue break down?
 Thus, public or private, for pension, for place,
 For amusement, for passion, for shew,
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 With hark forward, huzza, tally-ho!

THE WAGGONER.

WHEN I comes to town with a load of hay,
 Mean and lowly though I seem,
 I knows pretty well how they figures away,
 While I whistles and drives my team:
 Your natty sparks and flashy dames
 How I do love to queer,
 I runs my rigs,
 And patters, and gigs,
 And plays a hundred comical games
 To all that I comes near:
 Then in a pet
 To hear 'em fret,
 A mobbing away they go—
 ("The scoundrel deserves to be horse whipt!")
 'Who, me ma'am?'—)
 Wo Ball, wo!
 So to mind them I ne'er seem,
 But whistles and drives my team!

So as I seems thinking of nothing at all,
 And driving as fast as I can,
 I pins a queer thing against the wall,
 Half a monkey, and half a man !
 The mob come round him to put up his blood,
 While he's trembling from top to toe,
 My whip it goes spank,
 I tips Ball on the flank,
 Ball plunges and paints him all over with mud,
 Queers his stockings, and spoils the beau !
 Then the sweet pretty dear
 Ah could you but hear,
 (" Odds curse you, I'll make you know,
 " you infernal villain !"
 ' Lord bless your baby face, I would not hurt
 ' your spindie thanks for the world !')
 Wo Ball, wo !
 So to mind 'em I ne'er seem,
 But whistles and drives my team.
 And so I gets the finest fun
 And frisk that ever you saw,
 Of all I meets I can queer ev'ry one
 But your gemmen of the law :
 Though they can scarcely put me down,
 Says I, to their courts when I'm led,
 Where their tails of a pig
 They hide with a wig,
 How many ways in London town
 They dresses a calf's head.

Then ev'ry dunc
 To hear open at once,
 Like mill-clacks their clappers go,
 (" Oh that's the fellow I saw grinning through
 " the horse collar in the country."
 ' I fancy you're the fellow I saw grinning through
 ' the pillory in London !')
 Wo Ball, wo !
 So to mind 'em I ne'er seem,
 But whistles, and drives my team.

AH WELLADAY POOR ANNA.

FAIR Anna lov'd a rustic boy,
 And William was the shepherds name,
 In him was center'd all her joy,
 For her he glow'd with equal flame,
 His cruel father knew he lov'd,
 And forc'd him o'er the seas away,
 Alone and sad poor Anna rov'd,
 And thus sung out ah ! well a day
 Ah ! well a day, well a day, ah ! well a day,
 Sigh fond heart but do not break,
 Deep in love but dare not speak.
 A wealthy neighbour woo'd the maid,
 His gold her sordid mother won,
 The gentle Anna thus betray'd,
 Was forc'd to church and was undone,

Returning back she met her love,
 Ah! William dear she fondly cried,
 May you a happier fortune prove,
 She press'd his hand—she sigh'd and died,
 Ah! well a day, well a day, ah! well a day,
 Gentle hearts too soon will break,
 Deep in love who dare not speak.

DUETT.—THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

SAL.

DEAR Will where art thou going? tell me why
 so full of care,
 What means this bundle pack'd my love? I all thy
 thoughts must share,
 By that true love I bear thee! by this sweet girl and
 boy,
 I must share all thy grief my love, as I have shared thy
 joy.

WILL.

Dear Sal ne'er whimper prithee, I my thoughts will
 tell to thee,
 I grieve because so soon alas! I must again to sea,
 The foe rides on our coast love, our country's cause
 once more
 Calls every British Seamen from his love, his native
 shore.

SAL.

I love thy manly spirit Will, it is our country's boast,
But what can all avail your Sal if her dear Will is lost,
My boding heart foretells me, if thou should'st leave
the shore
Thy loving wife and children too will ne'er behold
thee more.

WILL.

Nay take not on thus dearest Sally, dry thy lovely eyes,
I'll soon return well flow'd with gold, taken in some
fine rich prize,
And if in Britain's cause love a noble death I find,
Sweet gratitude takes care of those the seaman leaves
behind.

SAL.

I feared how 'twould be when I saw this morn at break
of day
Your two checked shirts packed up and on the floor
your bundle lay,
If then it must be so love, destroy at once my bliss,
Do leave some token dearest Will, give each a parting
kiss,

WILL.

Take this my lovely Sal, but first and foremost thou
must hear:
I've bought a snuff box which I meant to send thee
back n., dear,
The motto is well chosen for we are lovers true,
See her it is, (reading) "as you loves me my dearest
I loves you."

SAL.

Dear Will I thank thee for this box it does thy love impart,
I'll carry't in my bosom here I'll wear it next my skart,
And should we never more love, meet after this, adieu!
I'll sighing read (looking at it) "as you loves me my dearest I loves you."

WILL.

Oh Sal my dearest Sal, one kiss my heart will surely break,
And you my little darlings buss me for your mother's sake,
May we defeat the foe now as we have done before,
And soon return to our true loves, & our native shore.

SAL.

Oh Will my dearest Will one kiss my heart will surely break.
And you my little darlings kiss him for his own dear sake,
May you defeat now as you have done before,
And soon return to your true love and to your native shore.

A DANCE ROUND THE MAYPOLE.

A DANCE round the maypole my bosom delights,
When the merry notes of the Minstrels call;
When the season is gay, and the ev'ning invites,
O the joys, the delights that my bosom enthrall.

The high born maids look down with scorn,
I envy not their giddy round,
While jewels bright your heads adorn,
Content within our hearts is found.

BONNY CHARLEY.

O DEARLY do I love to rove.
Among the fields of barley ;
'Twas there that Charley told his love,
The blithe the winsome Charley :
Then he so su'd, and he so woo'd,
And marriage was the parley,
What could I do but buckle to
With bonny bonny Charley ?
O my bonny bonny boy,
My bonny bonny Charley ;
O my bonny bonny boy,
My bonny bonny Charley

I ken the lasses rue the day
I sought the fields of barley ;
And strive to win from me away,
The heart of winsome Charley :
But, ah! how vain they canna gain
His love by all their parley ;
And now they see he woos but me,
My bonny bonny Charley.
O my bonny, &c.

O! ilka blessing on the laird,
 That owns the fields of barley ;
 And ken I him alone regard,
 For he is winsome Charley :
 The gentle youth, with purest truth,
 So woos me late and early,
 I can't withstand, to give my hand
 To bonny bonny Charley.
 O my bonny, &c.

I LOST MY HEART TO TEDDY.

YOUNG Teddy is an Irish lad,
 So blithe, so tight, so merry,
 And when in sweetest beaver clad,
 The pride of Londonderry :
 Then, Teddy thun the war for me ;
 Ah! Norah, be but steady ;
 But, arrah ! now it cannot be,
 I've lost my heart to Teddy.
 When first we met—'twould make you laugh,
 We look'd so at each other ;
 But Cupid play'd too sure by half,
 My heart was in a pother :
 Ted seiz'd my hand, and stole a kiss,
 Indeed ! said I, already !
 Then forc'd a frown, but 'twas amiss,
 I'd lost my heart to Teddy.

When 'er the creature meets me now,
 'Tis, love, when shall we marry?
 I'm half inclin'd to keep my vow,
 And that is—not to tarry :
 O ! tis so sweet to join the knot,
 And Hymen's always ready :
 A husband is—what is he not?
 I've lost my heart to Teddy.

BRIGHT PHŒBUS.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
 And the horns and the hounds call each sports-
 man away ;
 Thro' meadows and woods with speed now they bound,
 Whilst health, rosy health, is in exercise found.
 Hark away is the word to the sound of the horn,
 And echo, Blith echo, makes jovial the morn,
 Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
 While pufs flies the covert and dogs quick pursue ;
 Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading plain,
 While the loud opening pack pursue her amain.
 Hark away, &c.

At length pufs is caught, and lies panting for breath,
 And the shout of the huntsman's the signal of death,
 No joys can delight in the sports of the field,
 To hunting all pastime and pleasure must yield.
 Hark away, &c.

LUCY GRAY.

O HAVE you seen the blushing rose,
 The blooming pink or lily,
 Fairer than any flower that blows,
 Is Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

Pensive and sad, o'er braes and burn,
 Where oft the nymph they us'd to hail,
 The shepherds now are heard to mourn,
 For Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

With her to join the rural dance,
 Far have I stray'd o'er hill and dale,
 Where pleas'd each rustic stole a glance,
 At Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

'Twas underneath yon Hawthorn shade,
 That first I told the tender tale,
 But now low lays, the lovely maid,
 Sweet Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

Bleak blows the wind, and keen beats the rain,
 Upon my cottage in the vale,
 Long may I mourn, a lonely swain,
 For Lucy Gray, of Allendale.

MISS IN HER TEENS.

A TIT a tat, they call me yet,
 And miss do this and miss do that;
 Then there's mamma, she can't forget,
 That foolish way my cheeks to pat.

My doll I us'd to fondle so,
 But girls like me, it much demeans :
 Besides I'd have my mother know,
 I'm not a child tho' in my teens.

Where'er I go, 'tis pray take care,
 Be home in time and don't stay late :
 Pray dear mamma, your caution spare,
 I'll ne'er be teaz'd at such a rate.
 No no, I cannot bear it long,
 And 'gad if nothing intervenes :
 Tho' you perhaps may deem it wrong,
 I'll fly to Edward in my teens.

He says, I'm not a bit too young,
 And truly I believe I'm not ;
 Then there's such magic in his tongue,
 I sure could give him all I got.
 And when I say I'll be his wife,
 He talks of such enchanting scenes,
 That hey good-by to mifs for life,
 I'm then a woman in my teens.

THE DUSTMAN.

I'M dashing dick the dustman,
 None my calling can degrade,
 For I am not the first man,
 Who has driv'n a dirty trade,

Dust ho, dust ho, I rings my bell and cries,
 My tricks if you would find them,
 Pretty early you must rise,
 For watch me flill,
 Howe'er you will,
 I bears off many a prize,
 And if I wants to blind'em
 I throws dust in their eyes.

Why what's your man of honour,
 And what's your madam fame,
 A jilt when he has won her
 That proves a dirty name :
 Victory, victory, he draws his sword and cries,
 In the midst of slaughter find him,
 See where the savage flies,
 He spares no life,
 Nor friend, nor wife,
 Where'er he finds a prize,
 Till death at last to blind him,
 Throws dust in his eyes.

The Lawyer, the Phyician,
 And e'en the learned divine,
 Each drives in his condition
 As black a trade as mine :
 Fees ho ! fees ho ! each draws his purse and cries,
 Their consciences can't bind 'em,
 The wretched patient dies,
 All prayers fail,
 And in a jail

The ruin'd client lies,
 Unless you throw to blind 'em
 Gold dust in their eyes.
 And so d'ye see men baffle
 To see who's dirty first,
 And one another huffe,
 And all to raise the dust :
 Dust ho ! dust ho : each draws his purse and cries,
 And whom old Nick behind him
 Will take, to mount up tries,
 All scrambling go,
 From friend to foe,
 To bear away some prize,
 And each throws dust to blind him
 Plump in his neighbour's eyes.

NONE SO PRETTY
 A FAVORITE NEW SONG.

THIS life is like a country dance,
 The world a spacious ball-room,
 In which so many take a prance,
 They scarcely find for all room,
 Fiddlers and Pipers in a row,
 See how the ranks are closing,
 Each strives his neighbours faults to shew,
 While he's his own exposing.
 Pray Ma'am what dance have you called ? Matrimo-
 ny Ma'am—The figure is extremely easy—you

turn single, run away with your partner, lead up
the middle, back to back, part and change partners
Thus busied in the fond turmoil,
They time by folly measure,
Turn all their pleasure into toil,
And fancy toil a pleasure.

Some in full dance with ardour burn,
And swim and glide and wander,
While others waiting for their turn,
Sneer, smile, and deal out slander.

“And so the Count must run away!”

“Why really I’m afraid so;”

“His flirt has ruin’d him at play.”

“Poor man, I always said so.”

“Oh no doubt about it:—kept by a physician before
“she came to the count!—duel with a young apo-
“thecary!—syringes loaded with analeptic pills!—
“’Tis your turn to begin Sir!—Sir I beg your
“pardon”

Thus busied, &c.

Away they prance it small and big,

Brown, ginger, fair, and grizzle:

“Lord Ma’am you disconcert my wig,”

“Twas you Sir touz’d my frizzle!”

“Right hand and left, the figure mind,

“Lord what are you about ma’am?

“My dear Miss Giggle you are blind,

“My Lady Fuzz you’re out ma’am!

(" Lord ma'am you should consider that the dance is
" my Lord Mayor's Feast :—it begins with a set
" to and finishes with a reel")

Thus busied, &c.

Thus dance succeeding after dance,
As if old Nick had got 'em,
They scandal vent, and flirt and prance,
And foot it to the bottom.

Thus having made for others sport
In regular rotation,
With swinging interest they retort
On them the obligation.

(" Lord, did you ever see such a fright as that wo-
" man! rubbed it all off one side of her face!—But
" look at that man with his false calves turned be-
" fore!—Come come, ladies and gentlemen, a new
" dance!—Strike up NONE SO PRETTY.")

Thus busied, &c.

THE SWELLING SAILS.

LIFE's like a sea, in constant motion,
Sometimes high and sometimes low;
Where every one must brave the ocean,
Whatsoever winds do blow.
Tho' at night by squalls or showers,
Or driven by some gentle gales,
If dangers rise be ever ready
To manage well the swelling sails.

What, tho' the wayward winds would bluster,
 Let us not give way to fear ;
 But all our patience let us muster,
 And learn by reason how to steer :
 Let judgment ever keep us steady,
 For that's a balance seldom fails ;
 If dangers rise be ever ready
 To manage well the swelling sails,
 Trust not too much your own opinion,
 When the vessel's under way ;
 Let good example be your dominion,
 That will seldom lead astray.
 But should thunder o'er you shudder,
 Or Boreas o'er the surface rails,
 Let good directions guide the rudder,
 Whilst providence conducts the sails.
 When you are safe from dangers riding
 In some favourite port or bay,
 Hope be the anchor you confide in,
 Care awhile in slumbers lay ;
 Next, each a can of liquor flowing,
 And good fellowship prevails ;
 Let every heart with rapture glowing,
 Drink, " Success unto the sails !"

SUNG IN THE FARMER.

OLD England's a Lion, stretch'd out at his ease,
 A Sailor his keeper, his couch the green seas ;

Shou'd a Monkey dare to chatter, or a Tyger claw,
They tremble at his roar as he lifts his paw :
I love a neighbour's friendship, but turn'd to foe,
Prepare to meet him with blow for blow !

DEAR WILLIAM SHALL LEAVE ME
NO MORE.

A FAVORITE SONG.

THO' Old England cries William invites me to
arms,
And bids me dear Susan relinquish thy charms ;
Yet still thy lov'd image shall dwell in my heart,
And 'midst every danger sweet transport impart,
'Till with victory crown'd I return to the shore
Then Susan, dear Susan, I'll leave thee no more.
To Neptune and Mars my fond suit I preferr'd,
Who sooth'd me with smiles, when my story they heard:
For with tears and with sighs I their pity implor'd
And begg'd they would spare the dear youth I ador'd,
And I said if a victor, they sent to the shore
That William, dear William, would leave me no more.
The gods thus replied, and I thank'd them indeed,
" The daughter of Albion in vain never plead ;
" E'en the whole British fleet in that glory shall share,
" Which we to bestow on thy lover prepare : "
Soon in triumph cried I, will our fleet reach the shore,
Tho' William, dear William, will leave me no more.

While Britannia the laurels prepar'd for her Howe,
 He nobly exclaim'd ere the wreath grac'd his brow:
 "'Twas the brave British seamen that vanquish'd the
 foe,
 " And William was foremost his courage to show,"
 So with victory crown'd they return'd to the shore,
 And William, dear William shall leave me no more.

A Favorite New Scotch Song.

HOW gaily roll'd the moments on,
 When Sandy woo'd me ilka day,
 But a' that fleeting joy is gone,
 Since war hath press'd him far away.
 Vain the shepherds pipe and sing,
 The blooming maidens dance in vain,
 Till peaceful time shall Sandy bring,
 To mingle in the happy train:
 Tho' blithsome are the rural swains,
 Who grace the flow'ry banks of Tay,
 Yet none of them with a' their pains,
 Seems half so bonny blithe and gay.
 When dress'd in plaid of Tartan bra',
 With gartars dic'd beneath his knee,
 So smart a lad you never saw,
 And O! how neat he look'd to me!
 Whene'er he drove his sheep and kye,
 To sell them at the Tryste or fair,
 Kind Sandy never fail'd to buy,
 A roll of ribbons for my hair;

But now his flocks, of late fae glad,
 His lambs that wont to skip and play,
 Methinks are unco' dull and sad,
 Since war hath prefs'd him far away.

Ye fair, decreed in fate to shine,
 Your wealth and pomp I envy not ;
 Be lairds your choice—but Sandy's mine,
 With him to share a lowly cot.
 My bosom no ambition knows,
 That vestal maids may not impart ;
 It from as pure a passion flows,
 As ever warm'd a lover's heart.
 Oft, musing near yon verdant birk,
 I lang to see the happy day,
 When he shall lead me to the kirk,
 And ne'er again gang far away.

SAILORS ARE BORN FOR ALL WEATHERS.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
 My jib how she smack'd through the breeze,
 She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
 As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
 So adieu to the white cliffs of Briton,
 Our girls, and our dear native shore,
 For if some hard rock we should split on,
 We shall never see them any more.

But sailors were born for all weathers.

Great guns, let it blow high, blow low.
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,

And where the gale drives we must go.
When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,

I verily thought she'd have sunk,
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yaw'd just as thof she was drunk.

The squall tore the mainfail to shivers,
Helm a-weather the hoarse boatswain cries,
Brace the foresail athwart, see she quivers,
As through the rough tempest she flies.

But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,

As black just as pitch was the sky,
When truly a doleful distiller

Befel three poor sailors and I,
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handfail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainfail,
Were ev'ry soul swept from the yard.

But sailors &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi,

As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope and so landed on deck.
Well what would you have, we were stranded,

And out of a fine jolly crew,
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
But I and I think twenty two.

But sailors &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarry'd,
Another guess way fat the wind,
For to England I come, and got married
To a lads that was comely and kind!
But whether for joy or vexation
We know not for what we were born,
Perhaps I may find a kind station,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.

For sailors, &c.

BLACK EY'D SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
Does my sweet William sail among the crew?
William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And; quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If, chance, his mate's shrill note he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.
 O, Susan ! Susan ! lovely dear !
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear :
 We only part to meet again.
 Change, as ye list, ye winds ; my heart shall be
 The faithful compass, that still points to thee.
 Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 In ev'ry port a mistress find—
 Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present, wheresoe'er I go.
 If to far India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright :
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale ;
 Thy skin is ivory so white :
 Thus ev'ry beauteous object, that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.
 Tho' battle call me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
 William shall to his dear return :

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Left precious tears should drop from Susan's eye,
 The boatswain give the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
 No longer must she stay aboard :
 They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung his head.
 Her lefs'ning boat unwilling rows to land :
 Adieu ! she cries ; and wav'd her lilly hand.

DUETT.—*Sung by Messrs. Incedon & Johnstone.*

FROM night till morn I take my glass,
 In hopes to forget my Chloe ;
 But tho' I take the pleasing draught,
 She's ne'er the less before me.
 Ah, no, no, no, wine cannot cure,
 The pain I endure for my Chloe.
 To wine I flew to ease the pain,
 Her beauteous charms created ;
 But wine more firmly bound the chain,
 And love would not be cheated :
 Ah, no, no, no, &c.

SUNG IN THE FARMER.

ERE around the huge oak that o'ershadow'd yon
 mill,
 The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine ;
 Or the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
 Or the rook built his nest in the pine.

Cou'd I trace back the time, a far distant date,
 Since my forefathers toil'd in this field ;
 And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
 Is the same that my grandfather till'd.
 He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
 Which un sullied descended to me ;
 For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with
 shame,
 And it still from a spot shall be free.

 TIPPY BOB.

MY name's Tippy Bob,
 With a watch in each fob,
 View me round on each side and the top,
 I am sure I'm the thing,
 Nay I wish I may swing,
 If I an't now a nice natty crop.
 I am up to each rig,
 Of my hat smoke the gig,
 Like candles my locks dangle down,
 And look in my rear,
 As an ostrich I'm bare,
 But the kowingeist smart of the town.
 As I walk thro' the lobby,
 The gals cry out Bobby,
 Here Bobby, my pretty Bobby,
 Now squeaking, now bawling,
 Then pulling and hauling,

So smirking and pleasing,
 So coaxing and teasing,
 I can't get them out of my nob.
 My vest a foot long,
 Nine capes in a throng,
 My breeches—my small clothes I mean,
 From my chest to my calf,
 Damn the mob! let them laugh,
 I dress not by them to be seen.
 The strings of my knees,
 Like a chevaux-de-frize,
 My boots to the small of my leg;
 My stick the none-such,
 No crop can me touch,
 For I swear I'm at home to a peg.
 As I walk thro' the lobby, &c.
 Observe well my shape,
 And the fall of my cape,
 It's the thing! quite the thing! damme an't it,
 And this bow round my neck,
 Would at least hold a peck,
 It may catch some old Dutchess too (mayn't it,)
 Then under this collar,
 I've got a large roller,
 Tis just like a huge german sausage;
 And squeez'd up so tight,
 That by this good light,
 It goes nearly to stop up the passage.
 As I walk thro' &c.

Sung in the SPOIL'D CHILD.

I AM a brisk and sprightly lad,
But just come home from sea, Sir,
Of all the Lives I ever led,
A Sailor's Life for Me, Sir,
Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,
Whilst the Boatswain pipes all hands,
With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo Sir.

What girl but loves the merry tar,
We o'er the Ocean roam, Sir ;
In ev'ry Clime we find a Port,
In ev'ry Port a Home, Sir,
Yeo, yeo, &c.

But when our Country's Foes are nigh,
Each hastens to his Gun, Sir ;
We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,
And bang the haughty Don, Sir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

Our Foes subdu'd, once more on shore
We spend our Cash with Glee, Sir ;
And when all's gone, we drown our Care,
And out again to Sea, Sir.
Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,
Whilst the Boatswain pipes all hands,
With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo Sir.

BEAUTIFUL SALLY.

SEE the Park throng'd with coaches, the nobles all
run

To view the dear angel, her ruin's begun,
Princes, dukes, lords, and bankers are first in her
train,

In raptures they ogle, as yet but in vain;
And see the old lecher, with rheum in his eyes,
Scarcely able to crawl, bidding high for the prize,
Whilst rakes, bawds, and panders are hunting her
down,

The beautiful Sally's first known to the town.

Each gallant adorer's with frenzy possess'd,
Lest she by some other should first be possess'd,
Tho' all the same victim with ardour pursue,
Yet by rank or by gold one obtains the kind view;
Fond dreams of ambition her virtue assails,
Till her noble deceiver by words soon prevails,
In splendor now rolling in chariot and four,
The beautiful Sally no higher can soar.

But at length the grand rake is cloy'd with his Miss,
No longer dear Sally's the fountain of bliss,
Whole nights this bright angel must pass all alone,
To mourn the frail hour that she ne'er can atone;
Her glaring attendants, her splendour no more,
She now feels such pangs as she ne'er felt before,
No provision she's made, and purse growing less,
The beautiful Sally first tastes her distress.

Perhaps fickle fortune the scene now may shift.
 And ere she's quite common may give her a lift,
 Her first sad reflections she now seeks to drown,
 By flying to pleasure's extravagant round;
 Balls, plays, masquerades, and all places of sport,
 Wherever the ton goes she's sure to resort,
 When no longer weak at her charms can replace
 The beautiful Sally's a wretch at King's Place.

Awhile here she stays till all feeling is dead,
 Grown callous to shame, she'll now drudge for her
 bread,

Thro' bitter abuses, cold, hungry, and dry,
 The long tedious winter the streets she must ply;
 And if some kind chance throw a crown in her way,
 The watchman and justice come in for their prey,
 Or else from the round house to bridewell she's sent,
 Where beautiful Sally may starve to repent.

Now worn with disease she draws fast to her end,
 Quite feeble she crawls to the Lock, her last friend,
 Where a croud of pale fillers her fame do record,
 Till her birth, life, and keepers resound thro' each
 ward;

Whilst drench'd, rubb'd, and physick'd, all loathsome
 she lies,

Poluted and feeble, she now scarcely sighs,
 Forgotten at thirty, she welcomes grim-death,
 The beautiful Sally thus yields up her breath.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

A DIEU, adieu, my only Life,
My Honour calls me from Thee,
Remember thou'rt a Soldier's Wife,
Those Tears but ill become Thee,
What though by Duty I am call'd,
Where thund'ring Cannons rattle,
Where Valour's self might stand appall'd,
When on the Wings of thy dear love.

To Heav'n above thy fervent Orisons are flown,
The tender Pr:yer thou put'st up there,
Shall call a guardian Angel down,
To watch me in the Battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
As sword and buckler serving,
My life shall be more dear to me
Because of thy preserving:
Let pèril come, let horror threat,
Let thundering cannons rattle,
I fearless seek the conflict's heat,
Assured when on the wings of love
To heaven above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile,
Some kindred God inspire thee,
Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
Who wondered and admired thee :

I go, assured, my life adieu,
 Though murdering carnage stalk in view ;
 When on the wings of thy true love
 To heaven above, &c.

SUNG IN THE FARMER.

CHARMING Village Maid,
 If thou wilt be mine,
 In gold and pearls array'd,
 All my wealth is thine ;
 For gold is dross to me,
 E'en Nature's beauties fade,
 If not enjoy'd with thee,
 My charming Village-Maid.

This morn at early dawn,
 I had a hedge-rose wild,
 Its sweet perfum'd the lawn,
 'Twas sportive Nature's child !
 To grace my gay parterre,
 Transplanted from the glade,
 Sweet emblem of my fair,
 My charming Village-Maid !

The DISCONSOLATE TAR.

WHEN my money was gone which I gain'd
 in the wars,
 And the world 'gan to frown on my fate,
 What matter'd my zeal, or my honoured scars,
 When indifference flood at each gate.

The face that wou'd smile when my purſe was well
lin'd,

Shew'd a different aſpect to me :
So when I could nought but ingratitude find,
I hy'd me once more to the ſea.

I thought it unwiſe to repine at my lot,
Or to bear with cold looks on the ſhore ;
So I pack'd up the trifling remnant I'd got,
And a triſſe, alas was my ſtore.

A handkerchief held all the treaſure I had,
Which over my ſhoulder I threw ;
Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather ſad,
To join with ſome jolly ſhip's crew.

The ſea was leſs troubled by far than my mind,
But. when the wide main I ſurvey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And fortune a ſlippery jade.

But I ſwear if once more I ſhould take her in tow
I will let the ungrateful ones ſee,
That the turbulent waves and the billows can ſhow
More kindneſs than they did to me.

HER mouth, which a ſmile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half opens to view,
Is the bud of the roſe,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More fragrant her breath
Than the flower-scented heath
At the dawning of day ;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossom of May.

DEAR MARY, or the SAILOR'S ADIEU !

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

FAREWELL to Old England, thy white Cliffs
adieu !

Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from you ?
Tho' oceans divide me as wide as the pole,
No distance can change the true love of my soul ;
As well might my messmates determine to bale
All the waters that fill up old Neptune's great pail,
As direct my firm mind from its fond thought of you,
Farewell to Old England, dear Mary adieu !

Dear Mary adieu ! can that ship go to wreck,
Where every plank bears your sweet name on the
deck ?

Nay, many love knots on the tops I have made,
While guileless my ship-mates at chequers have play'd ;
Their sports are not pastime but sorrow to me,
My mind is more happy in fighting to thee !
More happy by far when thinking of you,
For the hope of return takes the sting from adieu !

Yes ! the hopes of return, all the joy of a Tar,
'Tis his compass, his helm,—'Tis his guide and his
star :

'Tis impress'd on his bosom the moment he sails,
It shortens long nights, and it quickens light gales ;
The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,
And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day ;
With rapture it makes his affections to burn,
And changes adieu into welcome return !

THE WOODMAN.

FAR remov'd from noise and smোক,
Hark I hear the woodman's stroke,
Who dreams not, as he fells the oak,
What mischief dire he brews :

How art may shape his falling trees,
In aid of luxury and ease,
He weighs not matters such as these,
But sings, and hacks, and hews.

Perhaps now fell'd by this bold man.
That tree shall from the spruce sedan,
Or wheelbarrow, where Oyster Nan
So runs her vulgar rig ;
The stage where boxers crow'd in flocks,
Or else a quack's, perhaps the stocks,
Or posts for signs, or barber's blocks,
Where smiles the parson's wig,

Yet justice let us still afford,
 These chairs, and this convivial board,
 The bin that holds gay bacchus' hoard,
 Confess the woodman's stroke :
 He made the press that bled the vine,
 The butt that holds the generous wine,
 The hall itself, where tipplers join
 To crack the mirthful joke.

Thou mak'st, bold peasant, oh what grief,
 The gibbet on which hangs the thief,
 The seat where sits the great Lord Chief,
 The throne, the cobbler's stall :
 Thou pamper'st life in every stage,
 Mak'st folly's whims, pride's equipage,
 For children toys, crutches for age,
 And coffins for us all.

BRITANNIA'S LAMENTATION.

IN a sad mouldering cave, where the wretched re-
 treat,
 Britannia sat wasting with care ;
 Lamenting her Wolfe, while she mourn'd his sad fate,
 And gave herself up to despair.
 The walls of her cave were ensculpter'd around
 With exploits of her favorite son ;
 And even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
 Was engrav'd with achievements he'd won.

The proud giant of old, as tradition has told,
 Have broke from their darksome abodes ;
 And this is the news that in heaven is told,
 They are marching to war with the Gods.

Then a council was held in the chambers of Jove,
 And this was the final decree;
 That Wolfe should be call'd to the armies above,
 And the charge was entrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec, with my orders I flew,
 Where Wolfe with his army then lay ;
 He cry'd, O forbear, let me victory view,
 And then thy commands I'll obey !

With a darkening film I encompass'd his eyes,
 And convey'd him away in an urn ;
 Lest the fondness he bore, for his own native shore,
 Should tempt him again to return.

THE CHAPTER OF KINGS,

By Mr. Collins.

THE Romans in England they once did sway,
 And the Saxons they after them led the way,
 And they tugg'd with the Danes 'till an overthrow,
 They both of them got by the Norman bow,

CHORUS.

Yet barring all pother—the one and the other,
 Were all of them Kings in their turn.

Little Willy the Conqueror long did reign,
 But Billy his son by an arrow was slain;
 And Harry the First was a scholar bright,
 But Stephy was forc'd for his crown to fight.

Second Harry Plantagenet's name did bear,
 And Cœur de Lion was his son and heir;
 But Magna Charta we gain'd from John,
 Which Harry the Third put his seal upon.

There was Teddy the First like a tyger bold,
 But the Second by rebels was bought and sold;
 And Teddy the Third was his subjects pride,
 Though his grandson Dicky was popp'd aside.

There was Harry the Fourth a warlike wight,
 And Harry the Fifth like a cock wou'd fight;
 Though Henry his son like a chick did pout,
 When Teddy his cousin had kick'd him out.

Poor Teddy the Fifth he was kill'd in bed,
 By butchering Dick who was knock'd in head;
 Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,
 And Harry the Eighth was as fat as a pig.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tranquil days,
 Though Mary made fire and faggot blaze;
 But good Queen Bess was a glorious Dame,
 And bonny King Jamy from Scotland came.

Poor Charley the First was a martyr made,
 But Charley his son was a comical blade ;
 And Jemmy the Second when hotly spurr'd,
 Run away do ye see from Willy the Third.

Queen Ann was victorious by land and sea,
 And Georgey the First did with glory sway ;
 And as Georgey the Second has long been dead,
 Long life to the Georgey we have in his stead,
 And may his sons sons to the end of the chapter
 All come to be Kings in their turn.

—
 'T WAS IN EDINBURGH TOWN.

'T WAS in Edinburgh Town,
 I met wi a lad,
 And they call him winsome Johnny O,
 And he vow'd he'd give me,
 A braw new plaid,
 For a kifs of my mou so bonny O,
 My pretty little mou so bonny O,

 No, in Edinburgh Town
 My winsome lad,
 You shanna, said I dear Johnny O,
 Nor I will not take
 You braw new plaid,
 For a kifs of my mou so bonny O,
 My pretty little mou so bonny O.

Then to Edinburgh Kirk,
 He press'd me to go,
 Yes, the wily, winsome Johnny O,
 And faith I could not
 Answer him——no,
 For he kiss'd my mou so bonny O,
 My pretty little mou so bonny O.

IRISH DESCRIPTION of LORD HOWE'S
 VICTORY,

*To the tune of "Go, go, take your Bottle away
 from me." In Patrick in Prussia.*

Compos'd by Mr. J. ASHLEY, of BATH.

COME all ye brave Irish that sail the salt seas,
 I'll sing of a *fight* such as never was fought,
 The Ladies dear creatures I'm sure it must please,
 For thousands were kill'd *fast* much quicker than
 thought;

The cannons kept firing
 The Frenchmen expiring,
 While dolphins around sung a sad doleful tune,
 The Sea was as hot,
 As a fast boiling pot,
 When brave Howe beat the French on the *last first*
 of June.

'Twas just at day *break* fast before it was *light*,
 One Sunday when lubbers were thinking of Church

The French we *espy'd* tho' they kept out of sight,
And crowding all sail, left us quite in the lurch.

Our Admiral was striving,

And all day contriving,

To get of the Jacobin French Fleet the wind,

When that we compleated,

They soon were defeated,

And some of their best *foremost* ships left behind.

One famous French vessel the Jacobin call'd,

Was so fairly *knock't* up, to the bottom it went;

And many beside were so terrible maul'd,

They must be stark mad fait if not quite content.

Our ships all excell,

Their fam'd *Sanspareil*,

As much as good Roast Beef surpasses lobscouse :

Their *Venguer* did tremble,

Their *St. Just* desemble,

And their *Montagne* skip off fait as fast as a mouse.

Brave Paisley and Bowyer the French did well trim,

And bang'd them about fait till quite out of breath,

Both those gallant souls gain'd the loss of a limb,

And many brave men were rewarded with death.

The French soon were flying,

To get away trying,

But we pepper'd their jackets, and dusted their coats ;

Thro' their line brave Howe broke,

And this terrible stroke,

Sunk the hearts in the breeches of the *sans culotes*.

Thus a victory we gain'd and a glorious one too,
Fait those that *deny* it will all that allow ;
 The fans culotes thought our brave fleet to make rue,
 But hold, my dear Creature they did not know Howe
 Long peace to our nation,
 And free from vexation,
 May we still remain and loyally sing:
 May Britons ne'er sever,
 Brave Howe live for ever,
 Rule Britannia brave boys and God save the King.

NEW HUNTING SONG.—Mr. ASHLEY.

YE mortals who prize the sweet joys of the chace,
 Arise and to horse, see the day breaks apace,
 Hark the horn from yon valley delightfully sounds,
 And echo repeats the loud cry of the hounds.

 The chace is begun,
 How swift the dogs run,
 Give the hallow brave boys, see they have her in
 view ;

 What sport can compare,
 With hunting the hare,
 In the morn while the meadows are spangled with dew,
 Rofy health our *prime* blessing glows fresh in the face
 Of each sport loving mortal, who joins in the chace,
 Diana our goddess, obtain'd this decree
 "That hunters from care and disease shall be free"

So with vigorous health,
 Far priz'd above wealth,
 We sportsmen pursue our unrival'd delights :
 Then away to the field
 Don't to dull Morpheus yield,
 But enjoy the blythe chace while the season invites.
 Come bumpers brave boys let us drink while we may
 For hunters are hunted thro' life's sportive day,
 Our foe closely follows till we're out of breath
 And sooner or later's surely in at our death :
 Then fill up the glase,
 Let each toast his las,.
 For hunters admire and adore the kind fair :
 From beauty's sweet lip,
 Love's nectar we'll sip,
 Spend the night in soft love then to hunting repair.

MOSS ROSES.

I'VE rov'd from distant pleasant bowr's,
 Where smiling nature gay,
 Inspir'd with joy the peaceful hours,
 As blythe they pass'd away,
 To sell sweet flowret's here I've stray'd,
 These tears my grief discloses,
 For once I was a village maid.
 Tho' now I cry moss roses.
 But as my youth began to dawn,
 Ah ! me my parents died,

And left me hapless and forlorn,
 To pity's care allied.
 But Heav'n ne'er forsakes the child,
 In virtue that reposes,
 But still supplies with flow'rets wild,
 Her wants with sweet moss roses.

Then lovely maidens come and buy;
 They'll add to beauty's bloom,
 A lustre give the radiant eye,
 And scatter sweet perfume.
 So shall my grateful bosom bless,
 The fair hand that exposes,
 And freely gives with chearfulness,
 Its bounty for moss roses.

THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT,
 BY Mr. COLLINS.

IN a cottage I live and the cot of content,
 As its roof's neither lofty nor low,
 May boast that 'tis blest like a Patriarch's tent,
 With all the kind Gods can bestow;
 'Tis a station which yields me a spring of delight,
 Which Lordlings may envy to see,
 And a king may behold it and say "does this Wight"
 A blessing possess more than me.

My tenement stands on the brow of a hill,
 Where on Mammon and pride I look down,

While the cuckoo's note join'd with the clack of the mill,

I prefer to the clack of the town ;
Of my house I'm the sovereign my wife is the queen,
And she rules while she seeks to obey,
Thus the autumn of life like the spring tide serene,
Makes November as cheerful as May.

I lie down with the lamb and I rise with the lark,
Health, spirit and vigour to share ;
For I feel on my pillow, no thorns in the dark,
Which the deeds of the day planted there ;
And though bigots each night to elude Heaven's wrath,
To their Saints and their wooden gods pray,
Superstition I court not for daggers of lath,
In my sleep to drive demons away.

Yet let not the Egotist boast of his bliss,
Nor to self be life's comforts confin'd,
As he certainly merits all blessings to miss,
Who has no social impulse of mind :
For my friend I've a board I've a bottle and bed.
And more welcome that friend if he's poor,
Nor shall he who looks up for a slice of my bread,
Though a stranger be shut from my door.

No servant I flint nor put key on my cock,
To save a poor horn of small beer,
Nor buttery nor pantry disgrac'd with a lock,
Shall proclaim that old gripe all starves here ;

For the miser on bolts and on bars may depend,
 To keep thieves and robbers at bay,
 But domestick attachment my house shall defend,
 From free booters by night and by day.

THE EQUIVALENT.

A Favorite Comic Song, Sung by Mr. Fawcett.

'TIS Life, 'tis life an equivalent yields,
 And pain is link'd to pleasure;
 I thought a Nabob flush with cash,
 Was happy beyond measure:
 But says he to me you're wrong my friend,
 'Tis true I've money plenty,
 But gold won't cure my gouty pains,
 Or change threescore to twenty,
 Ah! wheugh! Ah! wheugh!
 Or change threescore to twenty.

I din'd with a rosy Cit,
 Who drank till he was mellow,
 Says I, you eat and laugh so much,
 You must be a jolly fellow
 Says he to me you're wrong my friend,
 I've got at home a bride, Sir,
 She's always cooing with my clerk,
 And I get henpeck'd beside, Sir.
 Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
 And I get henpeck'd beside, Sir.

A lawyer and a doctor too,
I met, hands full of fees,
I thought professions so divine,
Would ensure a heart of ease,
The lawyer said you're wrong my friend,
Though poverty ne'er clogs us,
Yet somehow when we go to bed,
The Devil always jogs us.
Claw ! Claw !
The Devil always jogs us.

I met a sailor wan and pale,
His two legs shot away,
I said I griev'd to see a tar,
Thus perish and decay.
Says he to me, cheer ! cheer my friend !
The loss of limbs don't sting, Sir,
I still have two supporters left,
Old England and my King, Sir !
Huzza ! Huzza !
Old England and my King, Sir !

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBOROUGH.

A Favorite Scotch Song.

'TWAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time o' the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd, and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear,

Bonny Jockey blithe and gay,
 Kifs'd sweet Jenny making hay,
 The lassie blush'd and frowning cried
 No, no it wonna do,
 I canna wonna, munna buckle too.
 Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
 Tho' long he had follow'd the lass,
 Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grass,
 Bonny Jockey blithe and free
 Won her heart right merrily,
 Yet still she blush'd and frowning cry'd
 No no it will not do
 I cannot wonnot monnot buckle too.
 But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
 Tho' his flocks and his herds were not few,
 She gave him her hand and a kifs beside,
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true,
 Bonny Jockey blithe and gay,
 Won her heart right merrily,
 At church she no more frowning cried,
 No no it wonna do.
 I canna, wonna munna buckle too.

I CAN DANCE AND SING TO TING TING.

LASSES all are simple,
 So the wise ones say,
 Caught by blush or dimple,
 Who is simple pray ?

The ribband and the star,
One brings on the par,
With rustic maid in her stockings blue,
Squeezing the hand is the damfels cue,
For ting ting ting ting ting.
I can dance and sing to ting ting ting.

When the boy we fancy,
Jolly comes to woo,
Lady fine or NANCY,
All know what to do
Tho' mantling cheek denies,
And language of the eyes.

When the tongue gives you words unkind,
Take in her silence the lasses mind,
With ting ting ting ting ting
When the tongue give you words unkind,
Take in her silence the lasses mind,
If her heart goes ting ting ting.
I can dance and sing, &c. &c.

SUNG IN THE ADOPTED CHILD.

SILLY maid
Why afraid
Since such joy will soon await you?
Hope repeats
What bosom beats
No more visions now shall cheat you.

Time has wings
And soon will flee,
Single I will never be.
Why should time
In my prime
With slow pace so long detain me?
Why be coy
When bridal joy
Is at hand to entertain me?
Time has wings &c.

Sung by Mr. Bannister in the Mayor of Garrat.

WHAT have you got for dinner, Mrs. Bond?
There's beef in the larder, and ducks in the
pond:

What have you got for dinner, Mrs. Bond,
There's beef in the larder, and ducks in the pond:
Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed,
Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed.

Johnny Ostler do you, kill a duckling or two;
Johnny Ostler do you, kill a duckling or two;
Johnny Ostler do you, kill a duckling or two,
Johnny Ostler do you, kill a duckling or two;
Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed (bis.

I have been to the ducks, that are in the pond,
But they won't come to be killed, Mrs. Bond } bis.

I cry'd dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed,
For the customers wait, and their bellies must be filled.

Mrs. Bond then flew, to the pond in a rage, }
With plenty of onion, and plenty of sage : } bis.
She cry'd little wagtails, come and be killed,
For you must be stuff'd, and the customers filled ;
Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, came and were killed,
Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, came and were killed.

SUNG in the MYSTERIES of the CASTLE.

LOVE is nought but care
Sorrow and repentance,
If the object's fair,
Sooner comes your sentence ;
Round your pretty wife,
Swarms of pretty fellows
She's set up for life,
You're set down for jealous :
Thus do married men,
Knowledge to discover
School boy like, again
Con their horn-books over.

Tol lol lol de rol lol lol lol de lol lol rol lol lol
de rol lol tol lol lol de rol lol lol.

If no longer young,
Madam's teeth are going;
Still she has a tongue,
Which you're sure of knowing,

Morning, noon and night
Clatter, clatter, clatter,
Tho' she cannot bite,
Sweetly she can chatter ;
Charming honey moon !
How they munch and mumble,
Presto, chang'd the tune,
How they growl and grumble.
Tol de rol.

Thus from pouting lips,
Or from pouting temper,
Madam often trips,
Spouse wou'd of hemp her ;
O, what blissful state !
When such doves are billing ;
Short indeed the date,
Such delights are killing.
So, my faucy song,
If indeed no fib 'tis
Styles both old, and young,
Scylla, or Charybdis.

Tol.de rol.

SUNG IN THE ADOPTED CHILD.

IN the low winding vale that's refresh'd by the stream
Where the convent of Nicholas stood,
The vineyard invites the sun's rip'ning beam
And believe me the produce is good ;

How the Monks in their day
 Must have swigg'd it away,
 O they let not a cluster escape,
 Till their cheeks, I suppose,
 In an afternoon's dose,
 Were as purple and plump as the grape.
 The mould'ring walls are conceal'd by the fruit,
 And the liquor you'll say is divine;
 Tho' the clay of the feathers still clings to the root,
 Our cups overflow with the wine.
 How the Monks in their day
 Must have swigg'd it away;
 O they let not a cluster escape,
 Till their cheeks, I suppose,
 In an afternoon's dose,
 Were as purple and plump as the grape.

SUNG BY Mrs. BLAND.

WOMAN is curious sure nature's to blame,
 The sex high and low in this point are the same:
 And what at our birth we inherit from her,
 Is her own blessed gift and no crime I aver:
 So if kept from our view,
 Any good thing or new,
 What wonder we pout,
 And would fain find it out:
 Then how to please woman I'll tell you the plan,
 Is to say all you know and as soon as you can.

These lords of creation, what a fuss and a pother,
 Of wonders and dangers of this that and t'other :
 What a trouble, heav'n blest as, they'd save to their
 lives,

If they wou'd but consult, in most matters, their wives :

'Tis strange they dont try it,

We are always so quiet,

Never wish for the rule,

Only prudent and cool :

Then how to please woman, I'll tell you the plan,

Is to say all you know, and as soon you can.

THE SEA ENGAGEMENT.

THE signal display'd, to engage we prepare,
 How awful's the moment that usher's in war,
 When each hears the orders his post to attend
 And claps to his bosom his messmate or friend,
 Old England's the word with huzzas the sky rings,
 Our thunder swift flies and the battle begins,
 Loud peal follow peal, see the deck run with gore,
 And echo resounds from the far distant shore,
 See the burning battle rages,
 Yard-arms blending each engages,
 Now to grapple boys we brought her,
 Fire's the word how great the slaughter.
 Fight on they'll soon their stations fly,
 See they fall in ranks they die,

She strikes we've won the day
 Now board her boys, huzza.
 Tis thus every Briton his cause does maintain,
 We fight for Old England not lucre of gain,
 For freedom and beauty we conquest pursue,
 And still fight the fiercer by thinking of you.

OF NOBLE RACE WAS SHINKEN.

OF noble Race was *Shinken*,
 The Line of *Owen Tudor* ;
 But hur Renown is fled and gone,
 Since cruel love pursu'd her.
 Fair *Winni's* eyes bright shining,
 And Lilly Breasts alluring,
 Poor *Shinkens* Heart, with fatal dart,
 Have wounded, past all curing.
 Hur was the pretti'st Fellow
 At Foot-ball or at Cricket ;
 At Hunting Chase, or nimble Race,
 Cotspjut, how hur cou'd kick it.
 But now all joys are flying,
 All pale and wan her Cheeks too ;
 Hur heart so akes, hur quite forsakes,
 Hur herrings and her Leeks too.
 No more must dear *Metheglin*
 Be top'd at good *Mongomery* ;
 And if Love Sore, smart one Week more,
 Adieu Cream-Cheese and Flummery.

Sung in the ADOPTED CHILD.

AT evening when my work is done,
 And the breeze at setting sun,
 Scarcely breathes upon the tide,
 Then alone I love to glide,
 Unheard unseen my silent oar
 Steals along the shaded shore :
 All is dark and all is mute,
 Save the moon and lovers lute :
 Tang ting tang it seems to say
 Lovers dread return of day.

Then towards the Abbey wall I flee,
 There the choral hymn I hear,
 While the organ's lengthen'd note
 Seems in distant woods to float :
 Returning then my silent oar
 Steals along the shaded shore ;
 All is dark and all is mute,
 Save the moon and lovers lute :
 Tang ting tang it seems to say
 Lovers dread return of day.

ON THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

ON the lake of Killarney I first saw the lad,
 Who with song and with bagpipe cou'd make
 my heart glad,

And his hair was so red and his eyes were so bright,
 Oh they shone like the stars in a cold frosty night
 So tall and so straight my dear paddy was seen,
 Oh he look'd like the fairies that dance on the green,
 All the girls of Killarney wore green willow tree,
 When first my dear Patrick sung love tales to me,
 Oh he sung and he dane'd and he won my fond heart,
 And to save his dear life with my own I wou'd part.

Sung by Master WELSH.

THRO' forests drear I once did stray,
 Where every songster us'd to say,
 "O loiter here, 'tis nature's spring,
 Thy carol sweet, dear minstrel sing:"
 "Sweet birds," I cried, "could I, like you,
 Ascend the face of heav'n to view:
 Like you, I'd welcome nature's spring,
 My carol sweet for ever sing."

Sung by Mr. Munden, in the Mysteries of the Castle.

OH what a country for people to marry,
 In love and its comforts they never miscarry.
 In mis' wants a husband and master a wife,
 Parents consent and they're happy for life,
 If one bed won't do
 They put up with two,
 The good wife loves to roam,
 The good man stays at home

At Night they retire, from their merry go-rounds,
He's got a few bottles, she's 't a few pounds,
If such the delights such fond union bespeaks
Say who wou'd live single a week,

Happy pair !

Who wou'd live single a week.

Fortune perhaps the dear couple may smile upon,
Field for the fair, to shew off their grand stile upon ;
A coach and six horses, a service of plate,
A beau for soft service, a dozen for state,

Shou'd pocket be low,

To traffic they go,

A great rout is declar'd

A rich pharo prepar'd,

The guests return lighter, perhaps than they went.

The supper's discharg'd and the host is content !

If wedlock such permanent joys can display,

Pray who wou'd live single a day

Charming scene !

Pray who wou'd live single a day.

Lucky in these, they have other recourses too ;

Sweet separations, and tender divorces too,

If our wife, in a friend too much confidence puts,

We thrust a stiletto straight into his guts :

They look only look big,

By a counsellor's wig ;

And the weapon they draw,

To a limb of the law,

Both parties for damage good naturedly sue,
 And their wrongs are set right, by a nabob or jew ;
 If husbands such recompense, have in their power,
 Then who would live single an hour.

Pleasant rogues !

Then who wou'd live single an hour.

Sung by Signora Storace, in Jack of Newbury.

MY love is young, poor little boy,
 Untaught he sings of growing joy,
 Untutor'd by deceit.

Poor child he speaks whate'er he feels,
 His partial thoughts he ne'er conceals,
 Untutor'd by deceit.

When older grown, not quite so true,
 He'll secrets keep, as well as you,
 When tutor'd by deceit.

Will learn to blush and heave the sigh,
 Pretending faints and reasons why,
 When tutor'd by deceit.

But will the urchin, old in art,
 Bring joy to this poor simple heart,
 When tutor'd by deceit.

Whilst inmate here 'twere bliss to me,
 To keep fond love from falsehood free,
 Untutor'd by deceit.

Sung by Mrs. Bland, in the same.

WHEN cupid first his trade began,
From fair to fair he blindly ran;

Donna, donna, donna, della :
No bribe could lure him from the breast,
No charm his active arm arrest,
When once the fatal bow string prest.

Donna, donna, donna, della.
But soon by prudent greybeards caught,
The little wanton god was taught,

Donna, donna, donna, della.
He aim'd not blindly as of old,
His arrows blunted were with gold,
Like other traffick bought and sold.

Donna, donna, donna, della.
And now with int'rest hand in hand,
He holds the world at his command,

Donna, donna, donna, della,
And sure it is if spite of art,
He chance to touch an honest heart,
That age forgot to tip the dart.

Donna, donna, donna, della.

DOWN IN THE NORTH COUNTRY.

DOWN in the north country,
As ancient reports do tell,
There lies a famous country town
Some call it merry *Wakefeld* :

And in this country town
 A Farmer there did dwell,
 Whose daughter would to market go
 Her treasure for to sell.

As she was travelling along,
 Over hills and mountains high,
 It was her chance to lose her way,
 Where a shepherd she did spy :
 O ! shepherd, O ! shepherd, quoth she,
 Many days to you God send,
 I am a maid and shall be undone,
 Unless you stand my friend.

O'er hills and mountains high,
 E'er since the break of day,
 I have been travelling many a mile,
 And cannot find my way ;
 Come sit thee down by me,
 The shepherd reply'd with a smile,
 And I'll show thee a nearer way,
 Than this by a full long mile.

The shepherd sat him down,
 The fair maid she drew nigh,
 He pull'd out his bag-pipes wond'rous sweet,
 And play'd melodiously :
 He play'd her such a tune,
 That he made this fair maid sing,
 O ! the music of thy bagpipes sweet,
 Makes all my nerves to ring.

O ! shepherd, O ! shepherd, quoth she,
 If the time would but permit it ;
 I pray now play it over again,
 For fear I should forget it,
 He play'd it over once again,
 As he had done before,
 And gave this fair maid much delight,
 It pleas'd her more and more.
 My dearest swain, quoth she,
 A thousand times adieu ;
 And, if ever I chance to lose my way,
 To find it, I'll come to you.

S O N G.

THRO' all the conditions of life,
 We each of us plunder each other,
 The husband he plunders his wife,
 The sister she plunders her brother ;
 The guardian he plunders his ward,
 The lawyer his client the same ;
 The thief plunders all, 'till a cord
 Puts an end to his rapine and shame.

T O B A C C O.

TO B A C C O's but an Indian weed,
 Grows green at morn, cut down at eve ;
 It shews our decay, we are but clay.
 Think on this when you smoke Tobacco.

The pipe that is so lilly-white,
Wherein so many take delight,
Is broke with a touch, man's life is such,
Think of this when you take tobacco.

The pipe that is so foul within,
Shews how man's soul is stain'd with sin,
It does require to be purg'd with Fire.
Think of this when you take tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind,
Do serve to put us all in mind,
That into dust we must return,
Think of this when you take tobacco.

The smoak that does so high ascend,
Shews that man's life must have an end;
The vapour's gone, man's life is done.
Think of this when you take tobacco.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

WHEN spring skims lightly o'er the lawn,
Or lurks beneath the flow'ring thorn,
Its fragrant breath that scents the grove,
Is not so sweet, as her I love.

When summer leads the hours along,
With chearful dance and merry song;
The tuneful birds that cheer the grove,
Are not so blithe as her I love.

When autumn yellows o'er the fields,
 And golden joys of harvest yields ;
 We all the glowing charms approve,
 But more the cheek of her I love.

But ah ! when winter's gloom appears,
 And nature sheds her bounteous tears ;
 Tho' cold the drop, congeal'd above,
 More cold the heart of her I love.

Sung in JACK of NEWBURY.

FAIR Ellen was a gentle maid,
 Whose breast no care could move,
 'Till Edwy false her truth betray'd,
 And sought another love.

Then crown her head with willow,
 With drooping weeping willow.

In vain on Edwy, wou'd she call,
 His cruel heart to move ;
 For he is gone from bow'r and hall
 To seek another love.

Then crown, &c.

Another maid may be more fair,
 Yet not so constant prove ;
 Her heart a prey to keen despair,
 Will seek no other love.

Then crown, &c.

Sung in the same.

WHAT tho' the one have gold in store,
 And with the world in wealth can vie ;
 Yet soon such tinsel sinks before,
 The lad that I have in my eye.
 What tho' another mirth befriend,
 And sorrow from his presence fly ;
 Yet must his silly suit offend,
 Whilst I've another in my eye.
 Tho' sense maintain the lawyers head,
 And wit that all the world defy ;
 Yet can I not his worship wed,
 Whilst I've another in my eye.

Sung in the same.

GENTLE Hymen at thy feet,
 See the suppliant Cupid bend,
 Anxious ev'ry hope to meet,
 Proud thy wishes to befriend ;
 Pleasure reigns where e'er we rove,
 Hymen hand in hand with love.
 Cupid's shafts are tip'd with joy,
 Hymen's rosy chain is light,
 Virtuous love that ne'er can cloy,
 Crown their days with soft delight.
 Pleasure reigns, &c.

DEATH OR LIBERTY.

WHILST happy in my native land,
 I boast my country's charter;
 I'll never basely lend my hand,
 Her liberties to barter.
 The noble mind is not at all
 By poverty degraded;
 'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
 And well I am persuaded,
 Each free-born Briton's song shall be
 Give me death or liberty.
 Tho' small the pow'r which fortune grants,
 And few the gifts she sends us,
 The lordly hireling often wants
 That freedom which defends us:
 By law secur'd from lawless strife,
 Our house is our castellum;
 Thus bless'd with all that's dear in life,
 For lucre shall we sell 'em?
 No!—ev'ry Briton's song shall be,
 Give me death or liberty.

 THE WAY TO KEEP HER.

THE mind of a woman can never be known,
 You never can guess it aright;
 I'll tell you the reason, she knows not her own.
 She changes so often e'er night:

'Twould puzzle Apollo her whimsies to follow,
 His oracle would be a jest;
 She'll frown when she's kind,
 She'll change with the wind,
 And often abuses the man that she chuses,
 And him she refuses like best.

To keep them in temper I'll tell you the way
 I'd have you give ear to my plan,
 Be merry and chearful, good humour'd and gay,
 And kiss them as oft as you can ;
 For while you do these, you the ladies will please,
 Their affections you're sure for to gain ;
 Then be of their mind,
 And quickly you'll find,
 'Tis better than wrangling, contending and jangling,
 For they'll love you and kiss you again.

BONNY BET.

NO more I'll court the town-bred fair,
 Who shines in artificial beauty ;
 For native charms without compare,
 Claim all my love, respect and duty.
 Oh ! my bonny bonny Bet, sweet blossom,
 Was I a king so proud to wear thee,
 From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
 To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.

Yet, ask me where those beauties lie,
I cannot say in smile or dimple ;
In blooming cheek, or radiant eye,
'Tis happy nature, wild and simple.

Oh ! my bonny bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And sigh in numbers trite and common ;
Ye gods ! one darling wish be mine,
And all I ask is lovely woman.

Oh ! my bonny bonny Bet, &c.

Come dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
Like thy bright eye, with pleasure dancing,
My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing.

Oh ! my bonny bonny Bet, &c.

COUL'D A MAN BE SECURE.

COUL'D a man be secure,
That his life would endure,
As of old for a thousand long year ;
What arts might he know,
What acts might he do,
And all without hurry or care.

But we that have but span-long lives,
The thicker must lay on the pleasure,
And since time will not stay,
We'll add the night unto the day,
And thus we'll fill the measure.

SUNG BY MRS. MARTYR.

A Jock I am from *Shields*—I hail,—
 Know how to hand—can reef and steer.
 Up *Swin*, I've work'd in many a gale,—
 Kept many an anchor clear :—
 Where hank for hank, so oft I've sung !—
 And cheerly to the windlafs sprung
 And aloft or below,
 What cheer lads, ho !

A Cruizer, lads is now my lot.—
 A well built sea-boat, trim and tight :
 —While in the Locker there's a shot,
 They'll find us ready day and night.
 We've long been Masters of the deep ;
 And still the weather-gage we'll keep !
 And aloft or below,
 What cheer lads, ho !

FILL ME A BOWL.

FILL me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
 Large as my capacious soul !
 Vast as my thirst is, let it have
 Depth enough to be my grave ;
 I mean the grave of all my care,
 For I design to bury't there.
 Let it of silver fashion'd be,
 Worthy of wine, worthy of me,

Worthy to adorn the spheres,
 As that bright cup among the stars.
 Fill me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
 Large as my capacious soul.

A Favorite Song.

WHEN the bright God of day
 Drove to westward each ray
 And the evening was charming and clear,
 The swallows amain
 Nimble skim o'er the plain,
 And our shadows like giants appear.
 In a jessamine bow'r,
 When the bean was in flow'r
 And zephyr breath'd odours around ;
 Lovely Sylvia was sat,
 With a song and spinnet
 To charm all the grove with the sound.
 Rosy bowers she sung,
 While the harmony rung,
 And the birds they all fluttering strive ;
 Th' industrious bees,
 From the flowers and trees,
 Gently hum with the sweet to their hive.
 The gay god of love,
 As he rang'd o'er the grove,

By zephyr couducted along ;
As she touch'd o'er the strings,
He beat time with his wings,
And echo repeated the song.
Oh ! ye rovers, beware
How ye venture too near,
Love is doubly arm'd for to wound ;
Your fate you can't shun,
And you're surely undone,
If you rashly approach near the found.

OLD CARE.

BE gone, old care, I prithee be gone from me ;
Be gone old care, you and I shall never agree ;
Long time have you been vexing me,
And fain you would me kill,
But esaih old care,
Thou never shalt have thy will.
Too much care will make a young man look grey,
And too much care will turn an old man to clay :
Come you shall dance and I will sing,
So merrily we will play ;
For I hold it one of the wisest things
To drive old care away.

ON A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

PRETTY tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour ;

Object of my hot desire,
 Lip of wax, and eye of fire ;
 And thy snowy taper waist,
 With my finger gently brac'd ;
 And thy lovely swelling crest,
 With my bended stopper prest ;
 And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
 Breathing from thy balmy kisses ;
 Happy thrice, and thrice again—
 Happiest he of happy men,
 Who, when again the night returns,
 When again the taper burns ;
 When again the crickets gay,
 (Little crickets full of play)
 Can afford his tube to feed
 With the fragrant Indian weed ;
 Pleasure for a nose divine,
 Incense of the God of Wine !
 Happy thrice, and thrice again—
 Happiest he of happy men !

SUNG BY T. BLANCHARD.

WHEN little on the village green
 We play'd, I learn'd to love her ;
 She seem'd to me some fairy queen,
 So light trip'd Patty Clover.

With every simple, childish art,
 I try'd each day to move her ;
 The cherry pluck'd, the bleeding heart ;
 To give to Patty Clover.

The fairest flow'rs to deck her breast
 I chose, (an infant lover)
 I stole the goldfinch from its nest,
 To sing to Patty Clover.

Tho' stout, I'll sure be constant still,
 Nor ever be a rover ;
 If means increase, and coffers fill,
 'Tis all for Patty Clover ;
 'Tis all for Patty, little Patty,
 Patty Clover, Patty Clover ;
 'Tis all, 'tis all, 'tis all—for Patty Clover.

THE PRINCE AND OLD ENGLAND FOR EVER.

YE good fellows all, Care's an errant old ass,
 Avaunt his dull methodist face,
 Let us drown him as fast as we can in the glass,
 And let mirth take the Puritan's place :
 Yes, Momus, with pleasure thy phiz we admit,
 Whose motto was friendship and fun,
 Now let him that can't blaze like a beacon with wit,
 Raise the laugh by a joke or a pun :

Then push round the bottle, he's wise who enjoys,
 To be sad is the blockhead's endeavour ;
 And now for a toast to delight you my boys,
 Here's the Prince and old England for ever.
 The Prince and old England for ever, huzza,
 The Prince and Old England for ever, huzza,
 And now for a toast to delight ye, my boys,
 Here's the Prince and Old England for ever.

Let envy's dark demon unceasingly toil,
 Let the arrows of calumny fly ;
 The youth on their mischief look down with a smile,
 His virtues their venom defy :
 Like Anacreon of old, he the myrtle's soft pow'r
 With the vine's purple branches still blends ;
 No dull stupid maxim that bosom can sour,
 Who delights in its country and friends.
 Then push round, &c.

Let Britons rejoice in that fortunate hour,
 That gave birth to a favorite child ;
 At which envy and tyranny only could low'r
 Whilst commerce and liberty smil'd :
 Now let each British bosom with rapturous glow,
 And effusions of joy rend the skies,
 For fate has ordain'd him to heal all our woes,
 And the arts of our foes to despise.
 Then push round the bottle, &c.

JACK RATLIN.

JACK Ratlin was the ablest sea-man,
 None like him could hand, reef, and steer,
 No dangerous toil but he'd encounter,
 With skill and in contempt of fear :
 In fight a lion—the battle ended,
 Meek as a bleating lamb he'd prove ;
 Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
 Yet did he sigh and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
 For none of these had Jack regard ;
 He, while his messmates were carousing,
 High sitting on the pendant yard,
 Would think upon his fair ones beauties,
 Swear never from such charms to rove,
 That truly he'd adore them living,
 And, dying, sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded
 Once more to view their native land,
 Among the rest, brought Jack some tidings,
 Would it had been his love's fair hand ;
 Oh fate—her death defac'd the letter,
 Instant her pulse forgot to move,
 With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
 He heav'd a sigh—and dy'd for love !

TOASTS



TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

MAY our husbandmen, seamen, and industrious mechanics, never want a harvest to their labours, nor peace to enjoy it.

May the heart never covet what the hand has no right to.

Improvement to our arts, & Invention to our artists.
Labour's true reward to every Briton—content and plenty

May our wants be sown in so fruitful a soil as to produce immediate relief.

May our love of the glass never make us forget decency

May the mind never feel the decay of the body.

Reason in our actions, religion in our thoughts, and reflection in our expressions.

Success without a check to British arms.

Serenity to every breast that beats with philanthropy.

The lovers of virtue in the arms of beauty.

Society's surest cements—temperance and modesty.

The fruit of good deeds to the winter of our lives.

The man we prize and the maid we love

Valor without cruelty, and virtue without hypocrisy.

Warmth to every heart in a good cause.

May the prize of wisdom find many candidates.

May the eye that drops for the misfortunes of others,
never shed a tear for its own.

Beauty without affectation, and merit without deceit.

Innocence to the rising generation—and may a good
conscience be the companion of their lives.

May a joke never be foretold with a laugh.

The hand that gives and the heart that forgives.

May the coward never wear a red coat, nor the hy-
pocrite a black one.

May health paint the cheek and sincerity the heart.

Prosperity to the liberty of the press in asserting the
rights of the people—confusion to it when insult-
ing the sufferings of a sovereign.

Plenty to the heart expanded by generosity.

Cupid's magic ring on the middle finger.

The Englishman's triumvirate—love, wine, & liberty.

May the moments of mirth be regulated by the dial
of reason.

May the wreath of victory ever flourish on the brow
of liberty.

May we look forward with pleasure, and back without
remorse.

May we never hurt our neighbour's peace by a desire
of appearing witty.

When honor is to be decided by the sword may it ne-
ver find the way to the heart.

F I N I S.



